

# AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

DECEMBER 23, 1939

## MERRY CHRISTMAS

THE POETS, who usually end this column, rise to the top in such a week as this. William Thomas Walsh was asked for a poem; thereupon he asked his daughter Betsy to do a poem; and so we have two. Mr. Walsh's *Lyric Poems*, just published, is a most impressive book. . . . Nathalia Crane, whose rhymes are joined with those of Leonard Feeney in the *Ark and the Alphabet*, recently issued, was likewise held bound to do a poem. . . . Daniel Sargent, up in Boston, was given a hint, and responded. Jessie Corrigan Pegis, was on the list of possible Christmas poets. She antedated our request. . . . Kevin Jarlath Sullivan and Edward J. Murray are both young Religious, having their Christmas poems published for the first time. . . . Sister Maris Stella, her name reminiscent of Christmas, carols her noel from Minnesota.

IN PROSE, some of the poetry of Christmas also emerges. As befits a profound theologian, William J. McGarry, S.J., follows the lead of Saint Thomas Aquinas to Bethlehem. . . . Henry Watts, the guardian of our door and our books, right characteristically follows the silly sheep to the manger. . . . The Parader, whose concern each week is with the *Events* column, chronicles the flashes that would have come over the wires, if Rome had wires.

IN KEEPING, we think, with the spirit of the Review of the Week, we offer a one-page, tremendous thought by Hilaire Belloc. The Lords of Europe might well follow Belloc toward the star of peace above the stable. . . . The layman-convert, C. F. Whitcomb, as if on his way forth from the crib, like the Shepherds, raises a call to Laymen for active service in spreading the glad tidings.

## CONTENTS

CHRONICLE .....	282
COMMENT .....	283
GENERAL ARTICLES	
From a Virginal Frame Came Forth the Saviour William J. McGarry	285
The Beat of Little Hooves Along the Village Street .....	287
Europe Blunders, Having Lost the Key Hilaire Belloc	289
Going, Teach All Men . . . Telling Them the Why C. F. Whitcomb	290
CHRONICLE .....	292
EDITORIALS .....	294
The Prince of Peace . . . Noel . . . Good Cheer . . . Christmas Giving . . . Poor and in Labor . . . Too High Rentals . . . Christmas Eve.	
CORRESPONDENCE .....	297
POETRY .....	299
The Instant of Nativity.....Nathalia Crane Oasis.....William Thomas Walsh Prisoners.....Daniel Sargent Verse-Weaving.....Edward J. Murray Blossoming.....Betsy Walsh Ox and Donkey's Carol.....Sister Maris Stella Before the Crib.....Kevin Jarlath Sullivan Special Request.....Jessie Corrigan Pegis	
BOOKS .....	Reviewed By 301
The Life of Saint Andrew Bobola Raymond J. McInnis	
The Medieval Library.....Henry Watts Axel.....Joseph R. N. Maxwell	
THEATRE .....	Elizabeth Jordan 306
FILMS .....	Thomas J. Fitzmorris 307
EVENTS .....	The Parader 308

Editor-in-Chief: FRANCIS X. TALBOT.

Associate Editors: PAUL L. BLAKELY, JOHN LAFARGE, GERARD DONNELLY,  
JOHN A. TOOMEY, LEONARD FEENEY, WILLIAM J. BENN, ALBERT I. WHELAN.

Editorial Office: 329 W. 108TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Business Manager: STEPHEN J. MEANY.

Business Office: 53 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK CITY.

AMERICA. Published weekly by The America Press, 53 Park Place, New York, N. Y., December 23, 1939, Vol. LXII, No. 11, Whole No. 1572. Telephone BARclay 7-8993. Cable Address: Cathreview. United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly \$4.00; Canada, \$4.50; Foreign, \$5.00. Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, under Act of March 3, 1879. AMERICA, A Catholic Review of the Week, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

# CHRONICLE

---

---

ROME. Caesar Augustus, accompanied by his minister, Maecenas, and retinue, inspected the thirteen temples he recently built and the eighty he restored. At the Temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus, Juno and Minerva, Caesar knelt before the statue of the most high god, Jupiter. Before the Temple of double-headed Janus he perceived for himself that the brass gates were closed in token of worldwide peace. Among the other edifices inspected were the Temples of Mars, Apollo, Venus, Vesta, Diana, Mercury, Vulcan, Bacchus and Saturn. . . . The goddess Isis continued attracting new worshippers in Rome. . . . An alarming increase in the number of cheap houses which are collapsing and in conflagrations was reported. Augurs, at the request of officials, were examining the entrails of animals and observing movements of birds in the skies to ascertain the meaning of this increase. . . . Three new societies for the casting of horoscopes and the conjuring up of spirits were formed. . . . Census-takers estimated the population of Rome at slightly over 1,000,000. Of this number 450,000 are slaves. . . . A delegation of Britons visited the city to plead with Caesar not to annex Britain. The bodies of the Britons were painted with blue dye, a custom of the country. Druids with the party said they immolate men and women to the oak tree.

— — —

TRADE, GAMES. Record numbers of foreign slaves, Greeks, Gauls, Celts, Germans, Phrygians, Libyans, Iberians, of both sexes and all ages, were sold during the week. Slave merchants reported that Roman parents, in increasing numbers, are repudiating their babies and tossing them on streets and roadways for slave dealers to raise and sell. . . . Plays and games featured the week. Tragedies at the theatre of Pompey, comedies at the playhouses of Balbus and Marcellus entertained huge multitudes. . . . Elaborate games, attended by 150,000 spectators, were staged at the Circus Maximus. Witnessing the spectacles were Caesar Augustus, numerous Senators, the Vestal Virgins, and prominent members of Rome's social and civic life. Antics of foxes, to the tails of which burning torches had been fixed, delighted the throng. Elephants, lions, tigers fought with unarmed slaves. The tearing of the slaves, their death agonies thrilled the crowds. Finally, 500 gladiators, in glistening armor, entered the arena, lined up before the box of Caesar Augustus and shouted: *Ave, Caesar, morituri te salutamus*. In the subsequent fierce fighting, great pools of blood reddened the sand. The crowd howled with pleasure as each mortally wounded victim gasped and died. The victors, holding in their bloody hands the olive branches thrown to them, left the arena to the accompaniment of deafening applause from the spectators. 250 dead gladiators

were carried off as the crowd filed out of the Circus. . . . Sumptuous banquets for large lists of guests were given in the homes of various patricians following the games. The number of courses ranged from forty to fifty. Only one banquet, that of Q. Calpurnius Dentatus, exceeded fifty courses. At the conclusion of each fifteen courses, emetics were served to the guests.

— — —

AROUND THE EMPIRE. Caesar Augustus decreed the levying of tribute on trade between Gaul and Britain. . . . The Department of Roads announced completion of 100,000 paces of new roads in Gaul. . . . The Roman army is at its full peacetime strength of thirty legions. Legions stationed along the Rhine, Danube and Euphrates prevent the naked barbarians from crossing the frontiers. . . . Early figures from the current census indicate the Empire's population is close to eighty million, with five million enjoying Roman citizenship. . . . Hibernia, an island beyond Britain, was visited by Roman traders. . . . At Alexandria, Strabo, eminent scientist, issued his new treatise on geography. In it he intimates there may be continents unknown to man. . . . Worship of Caesar Augustus as a divinity was established in provinces of Asia and Bithynia. . . . At Bracara, in Spain, an altar was erected for divine honors to Augustus. . . . At Ancyra the Temple of Augustus was completed. . . . In Italy, three new temples to Caesar Augustus were dedicated. . . . Couriers reported meeting Persian kings journeying toward Palestine. The kings declared they had observed a strange, new star in the heavens. . . . Last week, leaving Palestine for Rome to commence their education were six-year-old Agrippa and his sister, Herodias, grandchildren of Herod the Great. Agrippa's father, Aristobulus, and his grandmother, Mariamne, were both murdered by Herod. . . . During one night last week, shepherds near Bethlehem in Palestine declared a brilliant figure appeared in the heavens and said to them: "Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people; For; This day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger." Following this, the shepherds reported many glittering creatures appeared in the skies, singing: "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will." . . . The shepherds said they later found a cave containing a child wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger. A young woman, named Mary, and her husband, named Joseph, stood by the manger. The name of the infant, the shepherds declared, is Jesus Christ.

THE PARADER



# COMMENT

---

---

"MAY we share the Divinity of Him who deigned to share our humanity!" This prayer, now said in the Mass every day, but long ago recited only during the Christmas Mass, expresses better than any other prayer in the Liturgy the double mystery of the feast of the Nativity. There are two miracles of Christmas. Not one, but two. And once more this Review insists that the man who sees only one marvel, and not both, misses the radiance, the greatness, and the full truth of the day. The glory of Christmas is not only the manger, the Mother, the new-born Babe. The glory of Christmas is the *admirabile commercium*, the astonishing trade, between the Creator and His creatures. God becomes man in order that men may become Gods—and we hasten to add that this phrase is Saint Peter's, Saint Leo's, Saint Augustine's, and not our own. The Word is incarnate that we may be deified. God is humanized that we may be divinized. The Son takes a human nature in order that we may share in the Divine Nature. The Lord "empties himself" so that we may be "filled"—with the life of God by Grace. The Son is made flesh so that all flesh may be lifted up to Sonship. All during the Christmas season, the Church turns our minds to this double mystery. The *admirabile commercium* is the theme of Saint Leo's sermon in the Breviary. It is the theme of the Secret Prayer in the Midnight Mass, of the Secret Prayer in the Dawn Mass, of the Gospel in the Day Mass. And this is the supreme Christmas wish and prayer of this Review for its readers. May we all have share in the Divinity of Him Who deigned this day to share our humanity—Jesus Christ, Our Lord.

— — —

IN POLAND, this Christmas, there is little joy save that spiritual consolation which flows out from the poverty of the stable of Bethlehem. The warmth that suffused the Polish Christmas, the light-hearted mirth and the peace of soul, the customs that had been observed through many generations, will not, this year, be in stricken Poland. For the pagan ideology of Nazi Germany is enforced more heavily on Poland than on Germany itself, and the atheism of Soviet Russia is deadening the lives of the Polish people. The boundaries of Poland, for the present, have been obliterated by the godless aggressors from the east and from the west. But the people of Poland remain upon their acres and wander among their ruins. For them, this Christmas of 1939 is like unto the first Christmas on the hillside in the Holy Land. They have little they can call their own, like Mary and Joseph. They exist under masters that are more ruthless, even, than the Roman conquerors. But the shepherds brought their gifts to the Infant Saviour, and the kings from afar carried their presents to the poor

King. The true adorers of that Divine Child in Poland are, this Christmas, in need of sustenance. The shepherds of the flock are trying desperately hard to keep the Faith in Poland. As part of our thanksgiving for a happy Christmas, we might well include a gift for Poland. Any offerings forwarded to our office would be applied in their entirety to those who are sad this Christmas in Poland.

— — —

SPEAKING before a distinguished audience in Montreal on December 11, Etienne Gilson, outstanding Catholic exponent in France and this country of the history of scholastic thought, took American Catholics severely to task for what he considered to be a hypocritical attitude in the present war. Quoting the overwhelming figures against participation in the war which were registered by Catholic college students in the recent AMERICA poll, he declared: "Catholic Americans have weighed the Allies, have judged them and found them wanting. They claim that the Allied cause is no more just than that of Hitler." He then accused them of ambitioning, into the bargain, to be "arbiters of peace," and pointed out the inconsistencies of such an attitude. For so rigorous a logician, M. Gilson seems to have drawn unwarranted conclusions. From the student poll no one can conclude as to considered American Catholic opinion about the justice or injustice of the Allied cause. The only conclusion from the poll was the simple fact that the vast majority of our Catholic college students, at this moment, do not wish to fight, are opposed to conscription and do not think our country should be drawn into the war. The question whether the Allies are entitled to win is an entirely distinct matter; and if M. Gilson had put that question to the boys and girls the great majority would doubtless have given him an answer entirely in keeping with his own.

— — —

M. GILSON has always shown himself an understanding friend of the United States and of things American as well as Catholic in this country. For this reason, if for no other, one would not wish him to remain under the various misunderstandings which he now appears to possess. AMERICA cannot speak for the minds of all American Catholics, but we can speak for the mind of this Review. This mind is not necessarily determined by the very varied sentiments which our readers express from time to time in our columns. We refer M. Gilson expressly to the declaration of policy concerning the war which appeared in our issue of September 16, when we explicitly stated our moral condemnation of Hitler, and our conviction that "the armed hostility of Poland, Great Britain and

France against his mad course was inevitable." We do not treat "lightly" the Allied cause; we consider the reasons they allege in justification of their war position to be valid. Our insistence upon American abstention from the war is conceived, as we have declared, in our sincere belief that such abstention will be far more beneficial toward establishing a just peace than our armed participation. This viewpoint is shared by many of M. Gilson's most loyal compatriots; and, to judge by the recent Quebec elections, is shared by many of the Canadian audience whom M. Gilson was addressing. Nor does our concomitant insistence that justice must be done to Germany's just claims infringe in the least upon this logic. Emphatically, we do not believe that discussing, in the light of Catholic teaching, the conditions of a just peace implies setting ourselves up as sole arbiters of peace or weakening the Allied cause. A closer acquaintance with AMERICA's pages should quiet some of M. Gilson's worst alarms.

SPAIN is at peace, and England is at war. And so, some two hundred of the children of the Basques who had been transported to England, for preservation or for propaganda, are being returned to their homes in time for Christmas. About four hundred more will be arriving in Spain during the first week in January. The little ones have surrendered their gas-masks to the English authorities and are relieved of the fear of enemy bombers over England. As all the refugee children have been welcomed back in Spain, even during the war and in the immediate period of reconstructions, as they have been gently nurtured and tended, so will these little ones of the Basques. There remain in England, however, another few hundred refugee children. Spain wants these also, though their parents opposed the Nationalist cause. The children sent to France and to England have fared not too badly. But thousands of true Spanish children have been lost in Russia, and many have been retained in Mexico. They are the victims sacrificed during the war in Spain.

ONE of the disastrous results of the war was the sudden and automatic disruption of the arrangements which had been made with the German Government by the Inter-governmental Committee for the disposal of refugees from Germany. These arrangements had been concluded, with complete satisfaction to the German Government and on terms more advantageous than had been anticipated by the Committee, after long negotiations between Field Marshal Goering and George Rublee, the agent of the Committee. Their cessation renders all the more acute the problems confronting voluntary agencies in this country, such as the Episcopal Committee for Catholic Refugees from Germany, of which Archbishop Rummel, of New Orleans, is the Chairman, and Bishop Donahue, of New York City, the Treasurer. From January 1, 1937, to September 30, 1938, the Episcopal Com-

mittee had handled 1,279 cases; during the following year, closing September 30, 1939, it has taken care of 2,756 cases. Considering its meager resources and the immense difficulties it has had to cope with, the Committee has accomplished a remarkable work.

CIVIC reputations, like one's personal good name, can be readily ruined by calumny and detraction. Oftentimes, as experience has shown, the ill fame is the result of misrepresentation, or even misinformation. And a reputation, once lost, is the hardest thing in the world to regain. To Ben Franklin, we believe, is attributable the proverb: "Who steals my good name, steals everything." For years New York's reputation has been booted about, due, at least in part, to the city's proximity to Hell Gate. Fire-and-brimstone orators, from pulpit and rostrum, have execrated the metropolis of the Western Hemisphere for its sinful ways. What else could be expected from a city that lay situated at the very mouth of the infernal pit? But intense study of old documents and maps show conclusively that New York has been grossly misrepresented, if not slandered. When Adrian Block sailed in through Long Island Sound and came upon the beautiful water passage now known as the East River, it so reminded him of a similar passage in his native Zeeland that he exclaimed: *De Helle Gat*—the bright passage! Time converted the phrase into "Hell Gate," and the opprobrious title stuck, until the adjacent city has been likened to the ancient Babylon. Thus, at long last, we can present New York with a halo for a Christmas present.

WHEN gratitude is described as the expectation of favors to come, that definition may apply in a great many cases; but there are occasional exceptions that make one doubt its complete adequacy. When the Irish Sweepstakes of last spring brought Pearl and Benjamin Mason, who reside in Philadelphia, \$150,000 as their share of a winning ducat, they immediately refunded to the County Relief Board some \$2,133, which they had been receiving in weekly allotments of \$11.40 for a period of more than three and one half years. Next they turned their attention to a slum-clearance project in South Philadelphia. With \$40,000, they purchased a block of dilapidated apartments; these they are now transforming into a low-rent housing project, with all the modern fixings that go with comfortable apartment quarters, including playground and central courtyard. The Masons are not, as one might reasonably suppose from their name and their residence in the city of brotherly love, descended from a long and honored Quaker line. Quite the contrary, they are both members of an oftentimes unappreciated Negro race. This is the first incidence, as far as we can recall, where money won by an American from the Sweepstakes has been used for a social-improvement project. The Masons' gain has proven beneficial not only to themselves but to their neighbors as well.



# FROM A VIRGINAL FRAME CAME FORTH THE SAVIOUR

Splendor breaks through the darkness of night

WILLIAM J. McGARRY, S.J.

---

---

---

ON the spur of a Judean height, that juts out toward the East from the main ridge, there was a hill-town, Bethlehem. On the north face of the spur and high up upon it, seeping rains had shaped a cave. Once, doubtedly, it was the home of primitive men. Later, it sheltered animals from the winter rains and summer heats, and herdsmen had hewn rough stone benches along its sides for mangers. On One Night, on one glowing night of all time, the center of all history, it was the birthplace of the Son of God. Then, after that, it became a place where poor pilgrims came, and some of them remembered the Child Who was born there. But soon the rough-shod Roman tried to insult such Christian love, and the cave became a crypt in Adonis' shrine. And now, since Constantine, for sixteen hundred years, a Basilica is made baldachin to the cavern, and again, each day, appears there the benignity and humanity of our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

On the Night when the omnipotent Word leaped down from regal Triune heights, Joseph chose this cave, because it was far from the noisy groups of kinsmen, gathered in the village khan for the Roman census. Thither he led Mary, his maiden wife; at its door he tethered the ass upon which she had ridden the weary miles from Nazareth; within he gathered what straw and branches he could find, and with his mantle made for her a couch. He then left upon his own quest of more food and fuel, and the Virgin remained alone in the rising and falling flickerings of the torch. Suddenly, a sweet stirring thrilled her body; painlessly and without break in the pure membranes of her virginal frame, the Child was born. The Virgin's widening eyes looked down upon Him, and were suffused with tears of trembling love. Soon she heard the Just Man's foot-fall at the cavern door, and she held up the Child to his gaze. He looked first upon a Madonna, wrought by the very artisanry of God. He saw her sitting before him, rigid in her own thrilled love, and he fell down before the sight in deep adoration.

The Child was Jesus Christ, true God and true Man; born virginally as He was virginally conceived; destined to be a sign of contradiction, as He was that very night a jointure of majesty and meekness; destined through death to triumph over

death, and by fierce and sustained love, to melt hatred; destined to be sinless, and yet be fellow of sinful man; to be innocent, and yet to rescue culprits from their doom. He was both God and Man, and thus Mediator, in His being and in His life's work, between the Holiness of an offended God and the baseness of the sinning sons of Adam; destined to appear in the robes of man's lowliness, that He might lift all to His own regal inheritance.

The Child is strong with God's omnipotence; He is weak too, with all an infant's helplessness. From His creative hands worlds went spinning upon their orbits; His child's hands reach up and awaken maternal instincts in a Virgin's heart, and Mary eases Him, comforts Him, feeds Him, dandles Him, and evokes His childish chuckles near her heart. And, when upon a sunny day, she holds Him at the cavern door, and their eyes look north, they do not see the slope of Golgotha; for it is just below the lip of the hill between them and Jerusalem. And yet a tree upon that slope throws its shadow upon the cave of Bethlehem.

That shadow is the thread of golden light in the mystery of Bethlehem, and the Christmas Masses are filled with words of light. Underscore them in your Missals, and it will astound you how the splendor breaks through in every phrase. God wrought redemption through the Child Who is given us. Yes, we understand that feebly; but do we realize that thus He transmuted suffering into something God-like and Divine?

At the word of the Child, the cavern of His birthing could have become some lighted, cosy room. But winds blew into it and whistled in the gloom, and no ear heard the beat of nearby Angels' wings. He Who was to feed five thousand weary pilgrims and have twelve precious baskets more, supplied no food at Bethlehem. A coin He was to put in a fish's mouth, for Peter's need and His own; but the slender carpenter's purse of Joseph steadily emptied while on a journey at Augustus' bidding. As God, this Child had even let the Emperor contrive it awkwardly that Mary's time would come while far from home. Augustus contrived it? Nay, God contrived that burden—and boon. For as His Mother was to bear her bitterest hour at the Cross, and He designed it thus, so now was Mary sweetly to en-

dure her fatigues and He, the Child, first to know discomfort.

For God imposed all these sorrows kindly. God so loved the world that He delivered up His own Son to agonies of body and soul; God so loved the world that He made His own Mother the Mother of Sorrows. Is there not here for us a lesson of profound import? Is not Bethlehem's cave a school-room where all the Christian philosophy of pain becomes more clear? Do we not find here the answer to our human whining at nothings and to our human fright and anguish at the touch of disease and destitution? This Child and His Mother and Saint Joseph were the three most loved by God of men on earth; these three were to receive most abundantly of the peace of God which was for men of good will. Yet these three accepted the hardships of the hours in Bethlehem, and all the hardships of the years to come, and by acceptance merited. Can we fail to see that, as God wrought the salvation of the world through suffering, He but contrives a nearer place to Him through the sorrows given us? The last "why" about pain is Divine Love. But Love is known and inflamed in our souls only through Christian Faith and Hope, and in the cave we are impelled to learn and increase all three.

At Bethlehem's cave Faith, unbreakably strong, greeted Him. He knew the unhesitant assent of the Virgin's mind, the fleetness of her will to make her profession of His Divinity. He heard and stirred with joy as Joseph knelt to speak his obeisance. He looked into the humble shepherd's souls and rejoiced in their act of accepting His Godhood. His Grace reached the keener minds of eastern kings, and in their rich gifts He read their unquestioning submission. Even though He was a Child in His Mother's embrace, He knew that one day Peter, Paul, Matthew, John, Luke, and all their following would proclaim the glory of the Unbegotten, that some who knew His bodily form, would die professing His Divinity.

And down through unnumbered centuries, He knew the acts of Faith that would leap from the hearts and pour from the minds of millions. He heard the chorus of all His children's professions, the lisped assent of those in whom reason was but dawning, the stronger voice of Christian youth and man and woman, the broken, hard-clung-to Faith of the despairing, the triumphant clamorous Faith of martyrs, virgins, confessors: Thou, Child of Bethlehem, Thou art God of God, Light of Light, Consubstantial with the Father; Thou art descended from Heaven, Thou art born of a Virgin, Thou art become Man.

In regard of Christian Hope, the cave at Bethlehem is the very hearth where it is enkindled. Our road to God indeed is hard; in our weakness we falter upon the way; obstacles threaten and impede; temptations delay us into dalliance; sin blots out the light that guides us. We know the story of our inward irresolution, our uncertainty, our fickle selves. We know saints, but we doubt that we can emulate them; we know sinners, and know that left to our despairing selves, we can fall as low. In our secret mirror we see in self little strength to

face the arduous, little firmness with which to meet the future, little strength to win through to the goal beyond death.

But this is ourselves without God-given Hope. Few can gaze upon the Child of the cave with Faith, without feeling the birth of Hope within their hearts. We face indeed the arduous, be it a life of poverty or pain of body, be it frustration or agony of soul. But so too, the Child, and those dearest to Him faced pains greater than ours. If our quest of the vision of God is a combat, His sufferings have enabled us to fight and win; if it is uncertain, His Grace does lend us firm expectancy; if it is in the dim, unknown and incalculable future, His strong arm braces our feebleness and invigorates our braver march.

This mystery of Bethlehem impels our minds to cry out in Faith that He is God, and stirs our hearts to feel the strength of trusting Hope to reach and be with Him. But it does more; it compels us to love the Child Who has come to us. Truly, men upon reflection can and do love the heavenly Giver; but they are moved to easier love upon the sight of their earthly Saviour. A mother and child awaken the respect and the sympathy of even the uncouth. Here God has given us a Virgin Mother and a Divine Child.

The impoverished kinglest and the humbled queen-mother make more poignant the affection of old courtiers. Upon the manger of the cave lay the King of Heaven and of earth, become poor for our enrichment, and a royal virgin of the line of David went about her lowliest tasks. Here the workman finds a workman's family, and knows that God has dignified labor; here the affluent can look upon those who knew, measured and set no store by affluence; here the sorrow-burdened can see how bravely sorrows may be borne and made the means to come most close to God; here the sinner may look in, and see wondrous limpid eyes of love turned on him. Here all can find solace and strength, wisdom for the cure of their folly, charity and love to purify their soul of dross.

The peace He came to bring, the seed of joy He sought to sow in men's hearts the spark of love He wished to enkindle in all souls, are after all, sublime boons, and yet not beyond our reach to win. God bids us bow in humble Faith and confess His Son in swaddling clothes, and few can meditate upon the scene and know its implications without bended knee. God bids us for our own sakes to fill our faltering hearts with Hope learned in the rocky cave. God helps us there to the easy task of loving Him and all men, because so easily we can love the God upon the manger.

Upon the easterly spur of the Judean range we will take our place on Christmas day; about the door of the cave on the north face we will stand with untold throngs. With Magi, shepherds, angels, with prophets, apostles, saints, with rich and poor, sinner and saint, we will cry out thrice in Christmas joy as the Church does in her Masses: "In the beginning was the Word . . . and the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us," and in His presence find our Christmas peace and joy.



# THE BEAT OF LITTLE HOOVES ALONG THE VILLAGE STREET

The Lamb of God lay cradled in a manger

HENRY WATTS

---

---

---

UP in the hills it gets chilly at nights, even in Palestine, and the shepherds, as we may reasonably suppose, had lit a fire for themselves, not only to keep warm, but to scare off any predatory jackals. And no doubt they had wrapped about themselves rough cloaks lined with the fleece of sheep.

All around those lonely hills and pastures there must have been a great stillness and silence upon that Holy Night. Shepherds are a simple folk. Their wisdom is expressed not in words, but rather in a kindly and gentle inerrant skill, which comes to them from long days and lonesome nights spent in remote places, passed under the deep blue vault of an oriental sky. So they sat there, watching the flames from their thornbush fire flinging fantastic shadows into the night; wrapped about by a silence broken only by the crackling of burning brushwood, or the occasional bleating of some silly sheep that woke up startled from its sleep.

The historical narrative does not tell us a very great deal, it states simply a simple fact—that there were shepherds abiding in the fields watching their flocks by night. But it does seem from the narrative that, for this night at all events, the shepherds were together. Had they been scattered singly they never could have said to the other what they did say.

So there they were, out on the hillside, with the burning eyes of the great stars staring down upon them out of the clear heavens, and all around them were packed together the silly sheep who needed a shepherd's care to protect them not only from the jackals, but from the pains and inflictions of their own silliness. Somewhere out in the clear distance of the night, how far we know not, twinkled a few dim lights in the little town of Bethlehem. And out in an innyard of the town flickered a fainter and dimmer light, that shone out from a Stable.

Now all this seems to be so very obscure, so humble, so stripped of what you think of as social allure. Throughout the whole world, there could have been nothing more insignificant than that paltry Stable in the paltry town of Bethlehem. And even in the neighborhood of that obscure Palestine village, there could have been found none more socially undistinguished than those shepherds

out on the hills with their sheep. It comes very easy to picture them: unlettered, uncouth, probably no very great believers in the social virtues of soap and water.

Then there were the sheep, and sheep are silly things; so silly, indeed, that something very great and noble has sprung up from their helplessness. Such ideas as "I am the Good Shepherd . . . the good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep." And marks of high honor, whereby the Vicar of Christ on earth finds the fulness of his great office in being the Supreme Pastor or Shepherd. And it is equally certain that if one is to be a shepherd, then there must be the sheep of which to be the shepherd. So it begins to appear as if the beginnings of this Holy Night have to take us to the sheep; the silly sheep who get themselves entangled in thornbushes, who are preyed upon by jackals, who need a shepherd to care for them. Moreover, a shepherd who knows what is troubling them even better than do they themselves.

So the scene is set. The sheep scattered around on the hillside, faithfully watched over by the humble shepherds, and away off, in the one-horse village of Bethlehem a faint light dimly showing from a Stable.

This was the night in the reign of the Roman Emperor Caesar Augustus, when all the world was at peace, and in far-off Rome the gates of the temple of Janus were closed.

Now what happened was no great cataclysm of nature. What actually did happen was startling enough. For the shepherds, dozing away the time of the night watches, may have been reclining about their fire, swallowed up in the vast and lonely silence of the night.

But there they were, minding their own business, and, apparently, minding it well. And suddenly, appearing from nowhere, unannounced and unheralded, there in the midst of the shepherds stood the Angel of the Lord, and about the Angel and about the shepherds there shone the brightness of God.

And you can understand how upon those lonely shepherds in that still and silent night there came a great fear, as in the heavenly brightness their dazed eyes gazed awe-stricken upon the mes-

senger of the Most High God. In all their unlettered and unimaginative days, these gentle and timid fellows had not so much as conceived in their minds the thought of such glory as that which now burned about them, swallowing up the darkness of the night in its radiance.

So they were afraid. Great fear came upon them; but they were no cowards, even if they were timid, nor did they run away. They just stood there bewildered, and the Glory of the Lord bathed them in their shabbiness, decking them with light as it were with a garment. And as they tremble in their fear, wondering what may be this portent which has befallen them, the Angel sees into the secret places of their hearts and knows the unspoken fear that clutches at them, and he reassures them.

Now it is quite possible that these shepherds, for all their simplicity, may not have been so stupid after all. They were afraid of the visitant, of the suddenness of his appearance, of the light and glory that shone upon them from every side. But there is nothing that hints even remotely that they were in the slightest doubt that it was the Angel of the Lord who stood before them. They were afraid: that was all. They were not unbelieving. They might quite possibly have had a college education, and have been quite unafraid at the sudden appearance of an angel—and, quite unbelieving.

But they believed, even if they were afraid. So the Angel spoke and smoothed out the fear that was troubling them

Fear not; for, behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people. For, this day, is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger.

There were the shepherds, stricken dumb with amazement at the announcement of the Angel. Yet not so lacking in understanding but that they remembered all that happened and all that was said. Later on "all that heard, wondered; and at these things told them by the shepherds."

But all the glories of the Holy Night were not yet unfolded. For as the shepherds gazed speechless while the celestial messenger gave to them his message from God, there was suddenly with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God, and saying:

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will.

It begins to seem now as though there were some inscrutable and mysterious plan in the Divine unfolding of the great tidings of the Incarnation, which had even then come to pass in the Stable of Bethlehem. First of all, it appears that God had chosen to make the tidings of great joy known to mankind, not through the very wise, or the rich, or the exalted, or the ideologists, but to these simple and unlettered herders of sheep.

And this mystery finds some further hint of its explanation in the closing words of the song of the angels: On earth peace to men of good will. Now these shepherds were simple men of good will; living in the world, yet somehow out of it in the great open spaces, giving themselves tenderly,

patiently, and ever so gently to safeguarding and ministering to their sheep. They had been deliberately chosen by God to be greeted by the angel host and to receive the first tidings of the coming of the Prince of Peace.

Anyhow, the profundity of wisdom and faith that lay behind their simplicity showed itself. They might have argued among themselves whether there be a God at all; and if there are such beings as angels, and whether angels could possibly make themselves known to man, and if man could know an angel if he saw one. With that forthrightness, which seems to be a special endowment given to simple souls, they turned to one another and said: "Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath showed to us."

And so, without so much as a single thought of doubtfulness, without more ado they set out down that lonely hillside and began to make their way to Bethlehem. And, indeed, a strange and yet most beautiful cortege that was, the first to push on through the night to pay homage to the new-born Prince of Peace. The shepherds went on and the sheep, seeing their guardians move off, with one accord arose from their sleep on the pasture, and began to follow their pastors. For it seems that Eastern shepherds are not accustomed to urge their sheep along from the rear, with bellowing shouts, with sticks and with stones. They go ahead, and the sheep, knowing their shepherds, follow them.

This, then, was the procession which, on the Holy Night of Christmas, set forth from the hillside near Bethlehem to find Christ the King in a Stable. The shepherds, silently feeling their way through the dark night, guided only by the stars and the dim flickers of light in the little town of Bethlehem. And after the shepherds, noiselessly pattering on the soft turf, the march of a myriad slender legs and hooves as the sheep followed their guardians on the way into the City of David.

So they come nigh unto the place where Jesus Christ was born, the trudging footsteps of the holy shepherds drowned out by the steady beat of little hooves on the cobble stones of the village street. By what divine insight the shepherds knew the inn and the stable in its yard we know not, neither are we told. Perhaps there was but one inn at Bethlehem; perhaps there was but one stable. It is enough to know that the shepherds came down from the hills and found the Stable. And entering in, they found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in the manger.

So, while the dumb beasts stood by, open-eyed and gazing with bewilderment at the strange sight, the shepherds knelt down on the earthen floor of the Stable, and worshiped the Word made Flesh.

And outside, crowding the causeway of the stable yard, all the flocks of sheep that had patiently and silently followed after their pastors from the pasture on the hillside stood waiting. And the ewes of the flock bleated there, because their shepherds had passed from them into that holy place; because the Lamb of God in there lay cradled in a manger.



# EUROPE BLUNDERS HAVING LOST THE KEY

HILAIRE BELLOC

---

---

---

IN a crisis which demands the fullest comprehension we suffer in this country from an inherited habit of leaving out the most important part of it.

In a European problem made up of many factors, the varying value of which it is essential for us to understand, we almost leave out what is far the most important factor of all. That factor is the Catholic Church. But because people in England have been taught for so long to think of the Universal Church as a sect and because in our universities and historical writing the preponderant part played by the Catholic Church is belittled, omitted or misunderstood, it is exceedingly difficult for the English mind today to grasp what modern problems are.

There is presented to us in the Press and in public speaking any amount of talk on "race"; though no one is really clear on what is meant by race and certainly race is not the preponderant factor, however we may define it. Community or similarity of language is emphasized, though it is even less important than blood.

Similarity, or apparent similarity, of political institutions is dwelt upon with ridiculous emphasis, as for instance when two nations utterly different one from the other are both called "democracies" because both enjoy the presence and power of politicians.

Economic circumstances (which are at least more important than so-called race and much more important than language) are given even more space in the analysis of our troubles than they deserve; and individuals who happen to catch the eye are grotesquely exaggerated, so that any chance demagog or political schemer or even mere windbag is made to stand as a symbol for a whole people.

Meanwhile, that which means more and does more, that which makes more difference to our present and our future than any other factor, or than all other factors combined—religion—is so little emphasized that it is hardly remembered.

Yet it is difference of religious history, difference of religious atmosphere in the past continued into the present, which accounts for much the most of national and cultural differences, of national animosities and sympathies. When the effort was made the other day to murder Poland (an effort which will certainly ultimately fail) there were indeed occasional references to the religion of Poland; but what leading article, what comment in magazine or review, what passage in a public speech, presented to the English people the essential, the fundamental thing about the whole Polish question?

That essential fundamental thing is the fact that

Poland is an intensely Catholic country surrounded by intensely hostile anti-Catholic forces.

Since the disappearance of the Habsburgs, Poland formed the one center and rallying point of the Catholic culture in Central Europe and, therefore, of civilization in the midst of what was a welter of Communist atheism. Prussian violent antagonism to our hereditary culture, Masonic influences (particularly the Grand Orient), which dominated the political machinery of the unfortunate Bohemians, strong traditions of anti-Catholic Greek Church influences now in decay. Poland was the island and the bastion, the fortress and the target at the same time. Not one of our public men has understood this; not one of our writers or speakers appreciated that with the fall of Poland all Western power and, therefore, England herself is menaced.

A particular type of civilization, a special way of living and thinking, what is called "a culture," always has its roots in some one religion. How can one possibly understand the chances of a culture originally formed by Catholicism unless one gives the religious factor its full weight?

The religious divisions of Europe are not accidental things. They are the great lines of cleavage according to which we must arrange our judgments upon this or that province of the European scheme. How shall any man understand France unless he knows what the religious past has meant in the formation of the French people, or how and why the great religious quarrel, which still divides the French people so acutely, arose and was continued?

How shall anyone understand the nature and meaning of Vienna if he has not grasped the prime truth that Vienna was the Catholic center and capital attracting under its influence the Catholic Slavs and forming the chief pole of South German ways and manners, the chief nucleus of traditional civilization among the Germans? Not to know that and not to emphasize it is to get the whole modern German problem upsidedown.

So with the Mediterranean. The various Spanish provinces differ greatly; the spirit common to them all differs also, even violently, from the spirit of Italy. But to talk of Spain and Italy as Latins and to forget that they are both Catholic in temper and habit, molded by Catholic morals and handing on the Catholic family, the Catholic conception of property, the Catholic feeling on essential human rights and justice, is to give and to receive a completely false impression.

If men were not steeped in those false impressions they would have understood long ago the all-important work of Salazar, the Prime-Minister of Portugal. Even here in England the unique achievement of that unique leader would be appreciated. As it is, not one man in a hundred understands.

So runs the business through all our discussion of those European problems and perils which should be today our chief concern. We blunder and mishandle them mainly because we leave out the principal factor, the Catholic Church.

And remember that today the Catholic Church is the one and only defense remaining to insure the survival of our civilization.

# GOING, TEACH ALL MEN.... TELLING THEM THE WHY

This is a command also to the laity of today

C. F. WHITCOMB

---

---

THAT something is wrong with Western civilization is no longer a matter of contention. It is conceded even by those champions of progress and freedom who should delight in the spectacle of the contemporary world. Ignoring for a moment the war, not because it is unimportant but because it is only a formation in high relief of the evils in the world as a whole, we are confronted by a society that offers the startling contrast of vast wealth in resources and a bankrupt mentality, unable to make the necessary adjustments for securing a better social order, or any order at all.

In a world where education, or instruction at least, is more general than ever before, with the earth supplied with a technical equipment capable of securing economic, and thus, indirectly, spiritual and mental security for everyone, we are faced with a harrowing condition of inequality and despair. "It's the machine age," is the cry of those who would settle the matter with a cliché. Few have the insight, and the boldness, to assert with Paul Maguire that the underlying cause of our present difficulties is the lack of knowledge. Men know they are living today; they do not know *why*.

We are living in an age when the *why* of man is obscured by a preoccupation with the *how* of things. The wonders of the machine have absorbed our attention to the destruction of interest, or even belief in, the wonders of man. Speed and change are the watchwords of an age nurtured on a philosophy that denies the reality of being, and concerns itself rather with the notion of becoming. Becoming what? Something different; no definite purpose or aim is allowed, even in becoming.

It is a difficult world in which to be a Catholic; this world less interested in the development of character than in the conditioning of the reflexes; this world that exerts all its energy, not to produce good characters, but useful skills; a world more interested in Wasserman tests than in chastity; in psychological questionnaires than in examinations of conscience; a world, in short, that definitely knows it is living but is not at all sure *why*.

What are we ordinary, everyday Catholics to do while the loudspeakers of the mechanical age blare forth false and shallow ideologies, while men run bewildered to and fro, having lost the seemingly

permanent values of yesterday (which still retained at least an aroma of Catholicism), and having found nothing with which to replace them? Are we (who but for the Grace of God, would be in the same dilemma) going to withdraw from a miserable world into some sort of intellectual and spiritual catacombs and, while trying to save our own souls, let civilization go on to ruin? We cannot, even if we would.

For Rome has spoken and called us to Catholic Action. That means we must meet the machine age and its ideology with the same spirit and equipped with the weapons with which the early Christians met the onslaught of the pagan ideas of the days of the Caesars. The Church of the first centuries knew the *why* of life and imparted it to men who no longer accepted the traditional faiths of the day.

The Church of the twentieth century is still in the lists. She has the same answers, techniques for transforming blind, questioning humanity into sons and daughters of God, and who can take life in their stride because they know *why* they are living. She must give of her riches to an age which needs them as badly as any other ever did.

Let us not get the idea that Catholic Action means only, or even essentially, big meetings and mass movements and a rather elaborate setup. Primarily, it is a work which concerns every Catholic as an individual as well as one of the household of the Faith. Everyone must be a "carrier" of the germ of Catholic life.

That means it is the work of the laity as well as of the clergy. While it is the province of the clergy, led by the Vicar of Christ, to define the truth, the dissemination of this truth is not to be left to them alone, nor has it ever been in the days when the Church has been most successful in the winning of souls. And particularly is there a need for a lay apostolate today.

For today, many persons consider clergymen of any kind, to say nothing of priests, as odd hold-overs from a past day, as men utterly out of touch with modern life. It would be more accurate to say these persons do not even consider clergymen at all. Yet among this number are many men of good will who would honestly like to know how an organization as outmoded as they believe the Church



to be still exists. There are times when they wonder if the force that makes some otherwise intelligent people practical Catholics is really fear, as they usually claim it must be. They would like to know if, after all, religion has something, if it is possible that the last word on the ultimate verities has not been pronounced by contemporary thinkers.

There is a noticeable tendency in this direction in large areas of the non-Catholic, non-Christian groups. But they are at a loss where to turn; they would rarely think of going to a priest. They would feel much more at their ease talking things over with fellows like themselves, men engaged in their own trades and professions, who seem quite normal in all other respects, save that they are Catholics.

Most Catholic laymen will quail before such a task. Of all people, Catholics are the most inarticulate when it comes to giving a reason for the Faith that is in them. Not that they doubt the Faith, but they feel woefully inadequate to present it to a world unacquainted with Catholic thought and traditions.

This shyness doubtless springs from two causes. One is environmental: we live in a country steeped in non-Catholic ideas; its institutions and its attitude toward life, while not hostile to Catholicism, are definitely non-Catholic. Regardless of the growth of the Church in this country, we are still in most sections a minority group and we hesitate to express ourselves. The second cause arises from our fear of imparting inexact or mistaken definitions of Catholic truth. It is a perfectly legitimate feeling; one must exercise care in the presentation of the teachings of a body with a theology and philosophy so highly defined as that of the Church—where objective facts are under consideration rather than subjective fancies.

If the Catholic is, himself, interested in knowing these facts, means are at hand for him to learn them. Catholic truth is a free book, open to all. The Church has no esoteric circle with a secret doctrine hidden from the ordinary man. A sound understanding of what Catholicism really is and teaches is the best preparation for overcoming the distrust of speaking one's views in an alien or even hostile environment.

Nor is a massive intellectual equipment needed for the task in view. Slight though our knowledge may seem, if it is precise it can do much to meet the questions of an age that needs to know the elementary *why* of life. For the machine age is not producing abstruse logicians or profound metaphysicians, since it considers metaphysics a myth and disdains logic. The lay apostles of today have but to present the same witness to the world as did the Catholics of the early days who attracted the attention of a crumbling Roman world. They were known and admired because, in spite of their misery and their persecutions, they retained a spirit of joy, carrying within themselves an answer to the *why* of human existence. The age in which we are living must be made to realize that the modern Catholic, in the face of problems equally as real as those which faced his primitive brethren, is forti-

fied with the same resources for joy and peace and an understanding of life.

But it is not enough that we have remained for the most part loyal to the Faith, unconquered, though not untouched, by the prevalent secular spirit of the day. Too often do we keep the treasure of Catholicism wrapped in the napkin of our devotion when we should be offering it to the world. For Christianity is a propagandist religion (unpleasant connotations though that word has today), and the command to go and teach all nations is as binding as Our Lord's other commandments for His Church.

The time has come for a more direct work than the edifying spectacles of our Faith and piety in corporate Communion, parades of Holy Name societies, or the exemplary sanctity of thousands of individuals in our Catholic community. All these things have contributed an impressive witness to Catholic truth, but they must be aided, not replaced, by a renewed emphasis on knowledge. We must help the modern world rediscover that religion is not a subjective thing, based on primitive superstitions and fears, something irrational and undemonstrable, but that, on the contrary, it is an objective matter, based on reason and revelation.

Such a concept of religion, thanks to the gradual secularization of the world for the past four hundred years, is almost unknown in non-Catholic circles. Private judgment begins by extolling the certainties it believes it has verified; it ends by doubting them because, turned inward upon itself alone, the mind begins to doubt its own trustworthiness as a judge. The world is full of people with deeply religious natures who can no longer find peace in their subjective feelings on the matter, and who are ignorant of the fact that the Catholic Church offers them a way of life guided by reason, controlled by the will, and quite unconcerned with any subjective emotions.

So the keynote of our apostolate must be a return to knowledge as the basis of religious conviction and practice. We must uncover the inanity of any process of becoming that does not begin and end in a notion of being; the futility of trying to correct social and economic ills by any system that discards or minimizes the one essential cause of the brotherhood of man: the universal fatherhood of God.

One of the marks of the true Church is her perennial youthfulness. Like the good householder she can bring forth the required remedies in the appointed seasons. What we must demonstrate to a world that is seldom hostile but generally uninformed is that a man can be a good Catholic and streamlined at the same time. Grace can achieve in the age of the machine the same triumphs that it won in the time of the Caesars. The Church can refine and elevate the intellectual crudities of the industrial age as efficiently as she converted and civilized the barbarian invaders of the Roman Empire. By giving men the answer to the *why* of life, she can bring order into a world that knows no order and reinstate reason in an era that questions its ascendancy over irrational impulse.

# CHRONICLE

---

---

---

THE ADMINISTRATION. President Roosevelt expressed the opinion that WPA relief-project workers have the right to organize but not to strike. . . . The Administration granted to Finland credits of \$10,000,000, through the Export-Import Bank and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, to aid the Finns in purchasing "agricultural surpluses and other civilian supplies" in this country. . . . In elections for collective-bargaining rights held by the National Labor Relations Board during the year ending June 30 last, 262 elections were won by the A. F. of L., 260 by the C.I.O., and 52 by independent unions, the Board reported. . . . Declaring that the United States "cannot view with equanimity the measures contemplated by the Order in Council," Secretary Hull declared Britain's embargo on German exports violated international law, requested Great Britain not to apply the embargo to American ships and goods. The Secretary reserved American rights in connection with the London embargo and also in reference to the Soviet blockade of Finland. . . . President Roosevelt blamed Governor John W. Bricker, of Ohio, and the State Legislature for the Ohio relief crisis. Governor Bricker, replying, declared the President was more interested in discrediting Republicans and in votes than in the Ohio relief situation, asserted the Washington Administration had slashed the WPA rolls in Cleveland from 74,000 to 30,000 following the election. . . . Joseph P. Kennedy, Ambassador to Great Britain, and Joseph E. Davies, Ambassador to Belgium, both Roosevelt appointees, returning for conferences in the United States, issued statements demanding a third term for President Roosevelt. . . . President Roosevelt offered Senator Taft a prize if the latter would supply particulars on how to balance the budget. In reply Senator Taft pointed to Mr. Roosevelt's speeches in 1932 before his election. At that time Mr. Roosevelt declared a Government, like a family, cannot spend more than it earns. In 1932 when Mr. Roosevelt promised to balance the budget immediately if elected, former President Hoover asked him to furnish particulars. To this Mr. Roosevelt replied there must be "a complete change of concept of what are the proper functions and limits of the Federal Government itself. . . . You can never expect any important economy from an Administration committed to the idea that we ought to center control of everything in Washington as rapidly as possible."

WASHINGTON. Supplementing its previous decree against direct use of wiretapping evidence, the Supreme Court in two decisions banned indirect use of such evidence, forbade also wiretapping evidence obtained by listening in on both intrastate and interstate conversations. . . . The High Court ruled

that the State of Texas has the right to extend its taxing power beyond its borders. The tax in question compels a corporation to pay a levy on its business done in Texas in proportion to its capital and revenues outside the State. . . . The Federal Trade Commission ordered the General Motors Corporation and the Ford Motor Company to stop using in their advertising "the words *six per cent* or the figure and symbol 6%" when the total rate in installment buying is in excess of the simple interest at the rate of six per cent per annum. The Commission said the rate of interest increased if complete payment was not made in a year's time.

AT HOME. Industrial production for November amounted to 125 per cent of the 1923-25 average, according to the official index of the Federal Reserve Board. . . . Unemployment figures in 1929 stood at 429,000; in October, 1939, they were 8,149,000, the National Industrial Conference Board estimated. . . . The steamship *Exeter* revealed the British at Gibraltar seized 700 bags of United States mail bound for Germany. . . . The National Labor Relations Board ordered the Ford Motor Company plant in Long Beach, Calif., to recognize the C.I.O. Auto Workers union, and to reinstate with back pay 275 workers who struck on the question of recognition in 1938. . . . Dr. Walter Engelberg, secretary of the German Consulate, was murdered in New York. . . . Nicolas Dozenberg, one of the founders of the Communist party in the United States; Harry Gannes, a *Daily Worker* editor, were indicted on charges of passport fraud. . . . Most Reverend Francis J. Spellman, Archbishop of New York, was appointed by the Vatican to be Bishop Ordinary for the Army and Navy. Very Reverend John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., president of Notre Dame University, was named titular Bishop of Milasa and Auxiliary Bishop of the Army and Navy. Right Reverend Albert Lewis Fletcher became Auxiliary Bishop of Little Rock, Ark., and Most Reverend Vincent Wehrle, O.S.B., resigned as Bishop of Bismarck, N. D. . . . The Navy Department announcing a program of experiment with a "mosquito fleet" of fast motor torpedo boats and motorboat submarine chasers, ordered twenty-three of the high-speed craft. . . . The House Committee to investigate the National Labor Relations Board commenced its hearings. M. Leiserson, member of the Board, severely criticized the work and capabilities of Board secretary Nathan Witt. Joe Ozanic, leader of the Progressive Mine Workers, an A. F. of L. group, charged that despite A. F. of L. majorities in individual mines, the Labor Board had certified the C.I.O. United Mine Workers as the bargaining agent in certain districts and thus forced thousands of A. F. of L. members into the C.I.O.



**DIES COMMITTEE.** J. B. Matthews, research director for the Committee, reported that Communists helped to organize and are active in the management of the League of Women Shoppers, the Consumers Union and other consumer organizations. Mr. Matthews, a former Communist, was head of the Consumers Research, from which the Consumers Union sprang. One aim of the Reds, Mr. Matthews declared, was to destroy the power of advertising as a distributive mechanism for mass production, as they believe its destruction would seriously weaken the capitalist system. A Government official in the Department of Agriculture, who is closely affiliated with the heads of the Consumers' Union, recently investigated the national advertising of a magazine, Mr. Matthews declared. Chairman Dies was the only Committee member present when the Matthews report was placed in the record. . . . President Roosevelt declared the Dies procedure speaks for itself. Wrote Mrs. Roosevelt in her column: "If you are not accused of being a Communist these days, you may be a Communist front and now you may be a Communist transmission belt." . . . Representative Thomas, member of the Committee, released a long list of Communist-dominated organizations which have been greeted by either President Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt or officials of the Administration.

— — —

**GREAT BRITAIN.** France and Britain entered into an agreement whereby their currencies will be stabilized at the rate of 176½ francs to the pound until six months after the war's end. Loans or credits secured from foreign nations will be mutually planned, and all loans granted to the Allies will be shared on a 60/40 basis, with Britain furnishing the sixty per cent. . . . 200 Basque children were sent back to Spain, 1,080 still remaining. . . . Said Mohandas K. Gandhi to his Indian followers: "Show no enthusiasm for the war in Europe, and refrain from stabbing Britain in the back." . . . In the first secret session of Parliament since the World War, the House of Commons discussed the question of war supplies. . . . The Government granted permission for firms to export planes and other materials to Finland. . . . In the House of Lords, three Peers urged that Britain take up the Belgian and Netherland proposal for mediation. One of the Peers, Lord Arnold, expressed the view that if the war continues, Communism will spread over Europe. Foreign Secretary, Viscount Halifax, characterized the discussion as "unfortunate because it would create a wrong impression abroad that Britain is not united" in her war determination.

— — —

**WAR.** The North German Lloyd liner, *Bremen*, left Murmansk in Russia, sped without injury or capture through the British patrol, and arrived in a German port. A British submarine met the liner, but did not torpedo her because it had orders not to sink merchant ships without warning, London said. In a contrary version, Berlin asserted air-

planes accompanying the *Bremen* forced a submarine to submerge when it was about to attack the ship. Commodore Adolf Ahrens, commander of the *Bremen*, declared his ship was held in New York to permit the British to seize her. . . . Off the coast of South America, the German battleship, *Admiral Graf Spee*, fought an eighteen-hour battle with the British cruisers *Exeter*, *Ajax* and *Achilles*. The *Graf Spee* finally slipped into Montevideo harbor, with thirty-six of her crew dead and sixty injured. The British ship, *Exeter*, was badly damaged. British casualties were said to be heavy. . . . Winston Churchill, Admiralty chief, estimated the British Navy was destroying German submarines at the rate of from two to four a week. . . . Gross tonnage of merchant ships sunk ran: British, 416,870; French, 48,038; German, 83,541; neutral, 240,227. . . . Total British merchant tonnage was estimated at 21,000,000. . . . Berlin claimed London was not revealing all the British losses. . . . Moscow proclaimed a blockade of Finland. . . . The Finnish army continued to hurl back Bolshevik attempts to penetrate Finland's Mannerheim Line on the Karelian Isthmus. The Reds seized Hogland Island in the Gulf of Finland, following aerial and naval bombardment. . . . Soviet planes bombed the Finnish base at Hangoe. . . . In knee-deep snow, Bolshevik columns attacked Finland's eastern frontier at the Arctic Circle. . . . The fighting spread over a snow-covered battlefield from Lake Ladoga to the Arctic Ocean. In some sections Russians penetrated forty to sixty miles. Russian losses were reported to be heavy. . . . Thirty more Italian planes arrived, bringing the total of Italian planes for use against the Soviets to eighty. . . . Additional English planes were also arriving. . . . North of Lake Ladoga, the Finns penetrated into Russian territory.

— — —

**FOOTNOTES.** As "the advance guard of civilization against brutal aggression," Finland appealed for aid. . . . When Russia refused its request to arbitrate, the League of Nations branded the Soviets as an aggressor, urged members to help Finland, and, on the demand of Argentina and other South American nations, expelled Russia from the League in the first case of expulsion since the League's creation in 1919. . . . The Italian Fascist Grand Council reaffirmed the Rome-Berlin Axis, warned Russia concerning the Balkans and the Allies on the sea blockade. . . . Overworked, Pope Pius was ordered by his doctors to cancel audiences for a time. The Holy Father, while counseling clerics to obey, deplored the fact that certain countries compel priests to fight in their armies. Holding his first consistory, Pope Pius named Lorenzo Cardinal Lauri as Chamberlain. Blessed Marie Pelletier and Blessed Gemma Galgani were approved for canonization. . . . Asserting it also had fought against "Asiatic barbarity," Spain expressed its sympathy for Finland. . . . Prime Minister de Valera stated that "though conscious of the cruel wrong of partition," he saw no way of making England end the injustice.

## THE PRINCE OF PEACE

THOUGHTS about war are much like meditations on hell. General Sherman is not the author of that opinion. It comes from very respectable authorities in asceticism who teach that the more profoundly we meditate upon what Our Lord has told us about the place of punishment for sin, the fainter will grow our chances of ever finding ourselves there. As we grow in knowledge of the Gospel teachings, we shall understand better that all who truly seek God shall find Him.

There was once a pious clergyman who used his spare time to arrange sermons for every Sunday and feast day of the year. Every sermon took its text from an article of the Apostles Creed, but as some articles could not be adequately explained in one discourse, he encountered a serious difficulty on or about the First Sunday in Advent. For it then became plain that, if he held to his original plan, the faithful would be edified on Christmas Day with a sermon on hell.

How he overcame this difficulty, the historian does not inform us. We do not propose to carry his program to its apparently inevitable conclusion of a Christmas morning sermon on hell. But a few thoughts on war which, in its modern manifestations, is a fairly vivid picture of certain phases of hell, will not be inappropriate on the eve of the coming of the Prince of Peace.

Terrible in all its aspects, war walks with physical and moral death. In one campaign it can stir up a devil's broth of hatred, poisoning all who sup of it. In one year war can destroy all that a century has built up by painful toil. From victor and vanquished alike, from the exhausted and all but exhausted, war exacts relentless toll. It hurries the old to the grave, kills our young men, and reaches into the cradle to sap the strength of the generation that must sweat to replace what has been destroyed.

No one can measure the costs of war. We know that in the World War 10,000,000 men lost their lives. Uncounted thousands who returned linger on in helpless suffering. The world is still engulfed in an economic depression, caused in large part by a three hundred billion dollar investment in the World War. We should have done better, and today would be more prosperous, had we taken that money, and as much more, and thrown all into a flaming furnace. In the United States, as the economic depression deepens, taxes rise, and with them the cost of living. In 1940, we are told, we must spend at least two billion dollars, added to the billions spent in the last four years, to defend ourselves against armed invasion.

Men who are called statesmen still profess to see in war the one means of establishing world peace. Crying peace, they cannot lead us to peace, but only into deeper wretchedness. Only when the great ones of the earth adore the Babe in the manger at Bethlehem will the nations be guided in the ways of peace. Only the Prince of Peace can teach the world how to find peace.

## EDITORIAL

### NOEL

THE day on which the whole world commemorates the birth of Our Saviour at Bethlehem makes us all aware of our kinship as brethren of Christ, children of Our Father in Heaven. At this time of the year, the Editors like to feel that the readers of this Review together with themselves are members of one family, working together in the common purpose of extending the Kingdom of Christ. To all our readers, then, the Editors wish a Christmas season that is filled with the peace and joy of Our Lady and Saint Joseph at the crib in Bethlehem. May the Divine Child bless and keep us all!

### CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

HE was a wise man who said that whenever life seemed darkest he betook himself to two devices to make the sun come out again. First, he tried to help someone in need. Here was a fellow-man who was obviously finding life's going rough; there was a worthy cause to which he had forgotten to contribute. He was not a rich man, and sometimes all that he could give was a kindly word, or some little deed that helped the recipient to realize that all the world was not against him.

In the second place, he would sit down to count the blessings which Almighty God had conferred upon him. Many troubles had come to him, but it seemed that for every one there was some compensation. He had not been notably successful in his work, and had never attained a leading position even in his little community. Indeed, he had suffered many reverses; but in spite of them, he had always managed "to pull through."

This man, it should be noted, was not an ecclesiastic, to whom such devices are familiar, but an old-fashioned country physician. But he was also a Christian to whom religion was a reality. He believed in God, and from his childhood had been steeped in the wisdom of Saint Paul who, in the midst of his tribulations, taught that to those who love God all things work together unto good.

He tried to see what was good in man, rather than that which was less good, and he was convinced that whatever God permitted to happen was for the best. It was waste of time, and



### GOOD CHEER

FITLY do we don sackcloth in Lent. But feasting on Christmas Day, and indeed on the minor festivals as well, is a custom that is wholly in keeping with ancient Christian usages. To forbid good cheer on a day that ought to be full of joy is certainly not a Christian ideal. But there is another banquet that should not be forgotten. If on Christmas morning, we approach the Holy Table, and there receive into our hearts Him Who for our salvation was born in Bethlehem of Juda, our Christmas joy will be deeper and more lasting. We give Him our love; He gives us Himself.

### THOUGHTS ON GIVING

worse, he thought, to mourn over a defeat, as though it were final, or "to sit upon the ground, and tell sad stories of the death of kings." To his mind, that was a philosophy unworthy of a man who had learned, with Saint Paul, that the tribulations of this life are as trifles, compared with the good things which God, our Father, has in store for those who try to serve Him.

In our better moments, most of us are very like this simple country doctor. Life would be much easier for us if we tried to make his daily plan of life our own. The trouble with most of us is that we are so intent upon getting that we forget the blessedness of giving. "Be ye perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect." If that ideal seems so high that it is impossible, let us remember that it is the counsel of Our Blessed Lord Himself. But God manifests His love for us by giving, and if we wish to follow the counsels of Christ, we too must give, to God, and to God's children.

The holy days which commemorate the birth of Our Saviour are associated with thoughts of giving. Let us give to our brethren, but turn our thoughts at the same time to Him Who daily gives to us. He has given us His Divine Son, and with Him and in Him we have all things. Since all comes to us from Him in love, we can thank Him for dark days as well as for days that are bright. He who has given us a Saviour will care for us in time and in eternity. He who has given us the Christ Child cannot give us aught except that which is good.

TEN years ago, we celebrated the first Christmas Day darkened by the shadow of the economic depression. The shadows grew deeper with the succeeding years, and not yet do we know when they will lift. Christmas Day, 1939, will see many families who can no longer live in homes, since destitution has forced them to exist as wards of public charity. To millions in this great country, the richest in the world, and as yet untouched by war, tomorrow will only be a day on which the pangs of poverty will be more keenly felt.

Christ was poor and in labor from His youth. He was so poor that often He had not whereon He might lay His head. His closest friends were poor, and from the beginning poverty, chosen for His sake, has been honored in His Church. But evangelical poverty is not destitution. To be without the necessities of life is not a good, but an evil, for as Saint Thomas wrote, in substance: "A certain amount of comfort is needed for the practice of virtue." (*De Regimine Principum*, i, 15.)

Man cannot live at all, when deprived of the barest necessities. But he cannot live in keeping with his dignity as an image of God and a being destined for life everlasting, unless he can have that share of life's commodities which the Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ wishes us to enjoy. Destitution has its perils, as wealth has its dangers. "Give me neither beggary nor riches: give me only the necessities of life: Lest perhaps being filled I should be tempted to deny, and say: Who is the Lord? or being compelled by poverty, I should steal and forswear the name of the Lord." (Proverbs, xxx, 8, 9.)

Nearly half a century ago, discussing the condition of the wage-earner, Leo XIII wrote: "If society is to be healed now, in no other way can it be healed, save by a return to Christian life and Christian institutions." Unfortunately, the warning of the Pontiff went unheeded. The condition of the workingman is better in many respects than it was in 1891, but it is still true that a majority of employees receive less than a living wage, while for the last ten years millions of men have sought work in vain. The right of workers to organize and to bargain collectively is protected by law, but workers cannot bargain collectively when factories are closed down, and factories cannot open their doors when there is no market for their products. We have put devices in the hands of the worker which he is unable to use. An automobile is an excellent conveyance, but not in Venice.

Better had it been, as Leo XIII wrote, had society turned "to Christian life and Christian institutions," founded on justice and charity. Not every social ill will disappear from a society in which justice and charity motivate the majority, for this world cannot be the scene of another unfallen Eden. But gross abuses will not be tolerated, and men working together in peace and harmony will create a civil society in which the special needs of its weaker and poorer members will be met. Every

man who has an abundance will consider himself as a steward of material goods, which he must share with the needy, and at all times use not only for his own, but for the common welfare. This is not Utopia, but the world as God wishes it to be, and the world as it can be, when men leave off pursuit of purely materialistic theories in economics and statecraft, to discover the wisdom which they now sadly lack in the teachings of the Gospel.

To quote the great Leo again, "the chief good that society can possess is virtue." Leo and his successors in the See of Peter fully realize the difficulty which, for many reasons, but chiefly on account of its unwillingness to find its guiding principles in religion, the modern state must encounter in striving to solve its industrial and economic problems. While they continually urge the acceptance of these principles, they also urge the state to provide with special care for the needs of the working classes. Do we in the United States give the workers the recognition they can justly claim? Let us answer that question as we contemplate the Infant in the poverty of Bethlehem.

## TOO HIGH RENTALS

TWENTY years ago, war-workers flocked to Washington, and within eighteen months, the Government's payroll doubled. Since the workers experienced considerable difficulty in finding reasonably priced lodgings, a benign Government by degrees provided them. Visitors to Washington in 1918 will remember the unsightly, but comfortable, dormitories near the Union Station.

This housing problem is far graver today than it was during the World War. It has been serious since 1933, when the New Deal began to create hundreds of new bureaus and agencies. Instead of 65,000 employees in Washington, in January, 1933, the Government now has 125,000, and will add many thousands next year. Washington shop-keepers reap a goodly harvest, but the richest is garnered by the landlords. According to an Associated Press dispatch of recent date, "rents still startle the outlander."

But the Government does not seem aware of the problem before its very eyes. Deeply interested in housing in Peavine Center, Ark., and in New York, it is unable to see Washington. Charity, as we have been told, begins at home. None of the restrictions found in most American cities exists in Washington, or need exist, since the District is governed by Congress. Here the Government has a field in which it can usefully experiment, and excogitate plans that can be taken as models in every American city. In its solicitude for Peavine Center, Ark., Congress should not forget that 125,000 of its own employees pay exorbitant rentals in Washington.

Incidentally, we hope that the investigation of the building trades inaugurated last month by the Department of Justice will not be permitted to bog down. When building costs are jacked up by racketeering and other forms of crime, the worker must bear the burden of higher rents.

## CHRISTMAS EVE

NEXT Monday, the Christian world celebrates the day to which as children we were wont to look forward with eager hope. Perhaps a pious mother had taught us that people gave presents to one another on Christmas Day, because it was a celebration of the day on which God gave to all the world the gift of His Son Jesus Christ, Our Saviour. We knew therefore that there was something very sacred about Christmas Day, but uppermost in our minds was the realization that on Christmas morning, we were going to find something very nice, either in our stocking, carefully hung up on Christmas Eve, or at the foot of the Christmas tree.

Our mothers, as usual, went straight to the heart of the mystery of the Incarnation and the Nativity of Our Lord. Saint Luke expresses what they felt in the Gospel for tomorrow (iii, 1-6), when he quotes the words of the Baptist, preaching in the desert: "All flesh shall see the salvation of God." God gave us His Only-Begotten Son, because He loved us. In the very moment of man's fall, He had promised that in the fulness of time He would send a Saviour who would redeem mankind from the slavery of sin, and once more throw open the gates of the Heavenly Kingdom. In moments of darkness, when cruel oppression held captive the Chosen People, God had sent His Prophets to encourage them by repeating the promise given of old to their Fathers. "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, and called thee by thy name: thou art mine. . . . Thus saith the Lord, your redeemer, the Holy One of Israel." (Isaias, xxxiii, 1, 14.)

But Almighty God has so made us that we can reject the salvation promised us in the coming of His Son. It is idle to imagine what other means God might have adopted in dealing with His fallen children, for He is infinitely wise, as well as infinitely loving. What we do know is that we participate in the work of our redemption by our acceptance of the Saviour of mankind and His doctrine. God who made us without our consent, as Saint Augustine has said, cannot save us without our consent. All that we know from Divine revelation teaches us that God does not desire the service of a slave or of a machine. He wishes a service that is dictated by our love of Him, and by our willingness to do all that He, our wise and loving Father, requires of us.

On three of the four Sundays in Advent, the Church bids us listen to the words of John the Baptist. She wishes us to examine our consciences, and to remove from them whatever may hinder the entry of Jesus, Our Saviour, into our hearts on Christmas Day. The Baptist preaches sorrow for sin, and penance; we must straighten the ways, and level the hills, and fill the valleys, and make all ready for the coming of the King. If we have not listened to Christ's herald, there is still time to prepare ourselves, by a worthy reception of the Sacrament of Penance, to approach the Holy Table on Christmas morning. For in Him alone "all flesh shall see the salvation of God," and only in serving Him find peace on earth.



# CORRESPONDENCE

---

---

---

## ROLL OF HONOR

EDITOR: In a recent interesting article in AMERICA good old Tom Meehan (as we old fogies who date back to the middle of last century like to call him) drew your readers' attention to one of our forgotten men, Edward Kavanagh, a former student of Georgetown, whose Catholicism had always the first place in his private life and who, nevertheless, at a time of intense bigotry, with little, if any, difficulty on the score of his religion, held with honor positions of great importance both here and abroad. We have in our country men of his stamp today, some who even begin their day with an early Mass, and it is good to draw the attention of our young men to their spirit, as there is a tendency on the part of young people (not always weak characters) to keep their religion very much in the background.

Of the dead we can speak, and among a number of such men with whom I have come in personal contact, let me mention a few whose names are not yet forgotten. One is William R. Grace, a former Mayor of New York City. Another is Edward Eyre, who once told me that one of his worries was that he might not have reached every year his tithe for charity. A third is Henry Heide, the candy merchant. A fourth is John D. Ryan, known as the Copper King, who was stricken at a weekday Mass and died the next day, fully resigned to death. A fifth with whom I was in closest contact was John D. Crimmins, the contractor, of whose sympathy with the poor and willingness to relieve distress I had abundant proof.

With these men there was no compromise when there was question of matters of Faith. Their good deeds, as a rule, were known to few and often were not even suspected, but the angels were kept busy recording them in the Golden Book.

New York, N. Y.

W. H. WALSH, S.J.

## FIRST CONVENT

EDITOR: R. Baudier, while correcting Thomas F. Meehan's statement that the Sodality at Georgetown College was the first in the United States, referred to the claim made for the Carmelite Convent (founded 1790, at Port Tobacco near La Plata, Md.) as the first in the United States, which then consisted of no more than the thirteen original Colonies.

Let me state that the publications issued by the "Restorers of Mount Carmel in Maryland," a society organized in Maryland's tercentenary year to restore the surviving monastery buildings at Port Tobacco, made no other claim than that of priority in the territory embraced by the original thirteen States.

Some public prints and papers, recording the

Carmelite foundation, made more sweeping claims so as to include the territory of all the States admitted into the Union since 1790. Objection was made to this by the good Ursulines of New Orleans, and I believe they were satisfied when the Restorers' modest claim was explained to them.

Your correspondent seemed to insinuate that there was some intention on the part of Catholics up North to derogate from the glory of earlier foundations made in what was French territory until some years after the formation of the Union and the Carmelite foundation.

The Carmelite nuns removed to Baltimore in 1831. Two of their original monastery buildings have now been restored and dedicated to Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Public pilgrimages that are richly indulgenced, are made to this shrine at stated times every year, and hopes of a pilgrims' chapel are entertained.

Woodstock, Md.

LAURENCE J. KELLY, S.J.

## FOOD FOR FAITH

EDITOR: I am one of the possible many who hunger for the type of Catholic literature your periodical represents, but because of some imposed duty and dire financial straits are unable to subscribe. In my case it is the caring for an aged father at a remuneration which does not even supply necessities. I am blessed in receiving copies to read from a friend.

It is my sincere belief that you are doing a marvelous piece of Catholic Action. To me it is food which sustains my Faith.

The issue for November 25 is the last I have seen. The article by B. B. Brown is something which all could read with a great deal of profit. I have two non-Catholic friends who are sincere, and grope about, seeking . . . they know not what. Were it possible I would subscribe to AMERICA for them, and I know that through that source they would receive the Light they seek. One of these young men is now at a Divinity school. He realizes now, after just a few months, that it is not what he seeks. Being off the beaten path, I am attempting to do a little Actioning on my own and asking you to send them copies.

Indiana

S. M. H.

## MIND FUNCTIONS

EDITOR: In his review of my recent book, Father Duston expressed the idea that I have interchanged the rôles of the *intellectus agens* and the *intellectus possibilis*. Anyone who reads *Cognitive Psychology* will see that in agreement with Saint Thomas the passive intellect is made the storehouse of the *species intelligibiles*, that is to say, it is identified

with intellectual memory. It is the function of the *intellectus agens* to activate the *species intelligibiles*.

The reviewer does not give his own concept of the rôles of these two functions, but if he means to imply that the passive intellect activates its own *species*, any such concept is not scholastic.

The reviewer also says: "With his treatment of the much vexed question of the origin of the primitive idea, many scholastic philosophers are likely to disagree."

In his *Summa theologiae* (1. Q. LXXXV, iii) Saint Thomas proposes the question: "Does that which is more universal arise first in our intellectual knowledge?" This question he answers in the affirmative, both as regards the development of individual perceptions and as to the order of ideas in the child's mental development. Saint Thomas bases his answer on introspection and the observation of the child's use of words.

I know of no problem in which thirteenth-century thought is more clearly and solidly substantiated by modern experimental psychology than in that proposed by this question of Saint Thomas.

*Cognitive Psychology* presents this evidence in some detail, and in presenting it shows very clearly that what is true in the philosophic speculation of the thirteenth century is confirmed by the experimental research of today.

Washington, D. C.

THOMAS VERNER MOORE, O.S.B.

## BENEFACTION

EDITOR: Congratulations on the Parader article! Your readers take excellences as a matter of course in virile and alert AMERICA. A revival of Hennessy (Ward) and Dooley is a public benefaction in these heart-breaking times and may be productive of more good than the editors anticipate.

Any cogent utterance in the interests of truth that can evoke gales of laughter, the while driving home its point, is worthy of a Congressional medal.

Baypines, Fla.

KATHERINE A. MOYNIHAN

## RADIO CODE

EDITOR: The newly adopted radio Code makes a grandiose gesture of giving free time for programs to religious organizations while actually denying them the right to bid for a desirable day, time of day or length of program. Since every religion can be made controversial by vociferous Communists, the gift of free time would resemble the Trojan horse less if the record of most broadcasting companies compared favorably with the very few which donate a definite period at regular intervals to representative speakers of the major religious groups of the nation.

That these groups should be prevented from contributing toward the purchase of time on the air for listening to a favorite speaker, while less popular speakers with obviously, if unconsciously, Communistic notions are given free time as educators

and sponsored time as commentators is too incongruous for sober comment.

The suppression of an ephemeral Franklin Ford or Rutherford is meager compensation to the millions of Christians of all denominations whose spokesmen the new Code relegates to a caste which must never expect to be allowed to bid for radio time suitable for developing a following and a self-sustaining program.

New York, N. Y.

HENRY V. MORAN

## LATIN

EDITOR: The *Herald Tribune* recently carried an editorial, *Latin, As a Means to Success*.

I would like to see a comment on the same containing other reasons than those given—why children should include it with profit in their studies.

A friend and father of several children, himself a college-bred man, is said to have demanded, when placing his son in a Catholic school recently, that Latin be eliminated from his courses.

I am interested to see why it is desirable and not a waste of time. I have not had the advantage of a higher education but do appreciate that Latin is a worthwhile accomplishment and beyond any money value.

Mamaroneck, N. Y.

OLD SUBSCRIBER

## CORRECTION

EDITOR: In order to show that the workers now share the losses of industry my article on profit-sharing (AMERICA, September 2) stated: "Since 1930, the pay loss to wage-earners and salaried workers has exceeded \$120,000,000."

This case for the workers can now be strengthened considerably, for I recently received the following letter from Isador Lubin, Commissioner of Labor Statistics:

Thank you very much for your letter of September 16, seeking to check on a figure quoted by the *Chicago Tribune* from my testimony of December 2 before the Senate Monopoly Committee.

As you suspect, the quoted figure is in error by three zeroes. The pay loss to wage earners and salaried workers during the period 1930 to 1938 on the basis of the decline of the 1929 wage bill totaled 120 billion dollars.

Perhaps it may be well to point out that about half of this loss came through wage-cuts and half was borne by part of the unemployed.

Spokane, Wash.

RICHARD E. MULCAHY, S.J.

## BAIT

EDITOR: So much publicity was given to the first Encyclical of His Holiness Pope Pius XII, especially its attack on Hitler, that I think it a perfect opportunity to sell the complete text to the man on the street. Hitler will be the bait that will make non-Catholics come in contact with the Church's teachings on the family, etc.

The complete text is sold for a very reasonable five cents. Could not our Sodalists do a little apostolic work selling copies on the street!

Weston, Mass.

SILVIO GARAVAGLIA, S.J.



---

## THE INSTANT OF NATIVITY

I am the Endless Instant  
Of Christ's Nativity;  
Hailed as His favored min'strant  
In every nursery.  
My entrance, Christmas morning,  
Is made in faded frock,  
But mine, the great adorning  
When the cradles cease to rock.

For they deck me with their laughter  
And their wild astonishment,  
To see me thus, thereafter,  
Where no yesterdays relent.  
To the mothers, scarce a stranger—  
Yet, a symbol unto them,  
As quiet as a manger  
In the town of Bethlehem.

When the cradles stop their swaying,  
In Heavenly reverie,  
They hear an instant saying:  
I was once Eternity;  
For I stood beside the Master  
As a holy theorem  
And found all time no vaster  
Than myself, in Bethlehem.

So, today I kiss my showettes  
In the poorest nursery;  
There, I pick my future poets  
While I touch Eternity.  
For the sailor lad, his marlins;  
For the eyes of little ones,  
I reveal my Francis Carlins,  
I upheave my Chestertons.

Remember I'm that min'strant,  
The first to greet our Lord;  
The angel, in the instant,  
Who held the stars and awed  
The suns in all their turning  
At His Nativity,  
And stood the watch, heart burning,  
For thought of Calvary.

NATHALIA CRANE

## OASIS

The dusty cluttered road is now forgotten—  
The weariness of watching, while boors fill  
The inns with laughter; scorn begotten  
Of hearts more cold and dark than this bare hill.

Here in the haunt of outcasts and of beasts  
The winds tonight will howl no songs of wars,  
No Herod starts up guilty from his feasts,  
No fear, no flight, no searching foreign stars.

Here Heaven has made itself sanctuary,  
Here Love has built herself a virgin nest.  
No thorn, no nail, no felon's bitter tree  
Casts any shadow where the Child takes rest.

Let all griefs then be hushed, let every curse  
Be banished like a dream before the sun  
That greets the Word made flesh. Let hate disperse,  
And all men, Mother, worship here as one.

O Queen of all serenity and peace,  
Look on our wrath, our greed, our foul chicane,  
And beg our King, who lies across your knees  
As on an altar, to undo our bane.

Where else can souls, poor children of mischance,  
Victims of man's crime under God's calm sky,  
Find, but in your compassionating glance,  
The strength to live, perhaps the strength to die?

WILLIAM THOMAS WALSH

## PRISONERS

The time has come that ends our wandering.  
Our ankles in the firmest rivets are caught.  
(Prisoners? It is useless likening  
Us to such creatures. We are slaves. We're bought.)

Before us in the picture past compare:  
Great God omnipotent become a child,  
And our poor human nature shining fair,  
Dazzling us in His Mother undefiled.

Almighty God looks at us from chill straw,  
Signalling us from where His Mother's arms,—  
So near the meditative ox's jaw,—  
Are all that protect Him from a thousand harms.

We are not "connoisseurs," we never were,  
But we succumb before this masterpiece.  
We've lost to artistry, we cannot stir.  
We're prisoners,—thank God—without release.

DANIEL SARGENT

## VERSE-WEAVING

Over the cave another dawn now climbs,  
While poets weld their strains with other rhymes;  
Leaving these vintaged words beside the door,  
We soften still the touch of prickly straw.

His love will smoke along our veins and crawl  
To break in song which heats the manger-stall,  
A music-box will set lines twining,—eyes  
Of infants puff them yearly on the skies.

Melody waits us when the Christmas King,  
(the world is beating with His whispering),  
Will lightly walk upon our sinking words  
To bid them tramp in poverello herds

With laurel for a crib. This is the reason  
We peal our bells at every Noel season,  
And slip with tattered verse among the sheep,  
While Mother's Child is deep in newest sleep.

EDWARD J. MURRAY

---

## BLOSSOMING

God made the world a garden with His love,  
Bejeweled the flashing suns and falling dews,  
The dragon and the lizard and the dove.  
When God calls, Adam, why do you refuse?  
You cut the stem of life, because you sinned,  
And cast your progeny before the wind.

In passion man repeats his father's deed,  
And wonders why the future must be stark.  
Where once there leaned a flower, here grows a weed,  
And on man's sunless head now broods the dark.  
The windy dream dies on his outflung breath,  
And children he begets are marked by death.

The hour is accomplished, as foresaid:  
A new star swims into the ordered sky,  
And Eve, weary in Limbo, lifts her head  
In thankfulness to catch the Seraphs' cry.  
Like a flower in His mother's arms we find  
Our Joy, assuaging hungry heart and mind.

BETSY WALSH

## OX AND DONKEY'S CAROL

The Christ-child lay in the ox's stall,  
The stars shone great and the stars shone small,  
But one bright star outshone them all.

The cattle stood in the cleanly straw  
And strange to them was the sight they saw.  
The ox and the donkey watched with awe.

The shepherds ran from the uplands wide,  
The sheepbells tinkled, the angels cried  
Joy to the dreaming country side.

The three kings bowed at the stable door,  
Their raiment trailed on the dusty floor.  
They saw the sight they had journeyed for.

The kings came last in a lordly throng.  
The shepherds ran in the space of a song,  
But the beasts had been there all night long.

Nöel Nöel Nöel

SISTER MARIS STELLA

## BEFORE THE CRIB

Whisper lightly, laddie,  
Jesu lies asleep,  
Swaddled up so whitely  
Near warm, white sheep.  
Not a fairy, laddie,  
That's an angel there,  
Standing close to Mary,  
Aye, standing on air.

That's His Mother, laddie.  
How beautiful she is!  
Never was another  
Mother like His.

His foster-father, laddie,  
Who helped the Holy Ghost:  
Joseph loved by Jesu,  
Next to Mary, most.

These are shepherds, laddie,  
Come to Bethlehem  
To visit Jesu,—at the song  
Angels sang to them.  
"Glory to God!"—laddie,  
"Peace on earth to men!"  
Sweetly sang the angels  
Again and again.

Mary here, m' laddie,  
Kissing Jesu's hands. . . .  
Is not weeping, laddie;  
Mary understands.  
Cold? Aye bitter, laddie.  
Stable? Aye, you see . . .  
Tomorrow?—Well, tomorrow  
What must be will be.

Aye, it might be, laddie,  
Mary *really* weeps . . .  
But whisper lightly, laddie,  
Jesu sleeps.

KEVIN JARLATH SULLIVAN

## SPECIAL REQUEST

Today I began a novena  
To you, Lady, Queen and our Mother,  
And somebody small said this morning,  
"I think that I must make it with you."

And so we talked of novenas,  
Of nine, that mystical number,  
And the word and its meaning escaped him  
Who will not be six till the summer.  
But: "She is a lovely Lady  
And she asks for things for her children"—  
Were words that he understood,  
And his face lit up like a window:  
"Oh do you think She would get me  
A gas station, one with an air pump?"

And so, dear Lady of Gifts,  
He is asking you for a gas station,  
Not of the usual kind, with gas and oil and a driveway;  
At five one is very precise,  
And this station must have an air pump.

He could have asked Santa to get it,  
And since I've a pull with Kriss Kringle,  
And a pocket of pennies for spending,  
It might have appeared Christmas morning,  
Without ever touching the chimney.  
But oh, I am glad he has asked you  
For now you are Queen of his toy world.

And so you will say to Lord Jesus,  
Who is your little boy and Who loves you:  
"I've just had a special request  
For a gas station, one with an air pump,  
From a little boy new to novenas  
Who belongs to a lady who loves him."

JESSIE CORRIGAN PEGIS



# BOOKS

## THE PATRON SAINT OF MARTYRED POLAND

THE LIFE OF SAINT ANDREW BOBOLA. By Louis J. Gallagher, S.J. and Paul V. Donovan, L.L.D. Bruce Humphries Co. \$1.50

THE current situation in nerve-shattered Europe gives a timeliness to this comprehensive little volume that can scarcely be exaggerated. Saint Andrew Bobola, a Jesuit priest and missionary, butchered in 1657 by Cossacks out of hatred for the Catholic Faith, has been proclaimed since Easter 1938, when he was canonized, Patron of Poland. The value of such patronage might seem empty indeed to any witness of Poland's recent cataclysm, but Polish Faith has learned reliance not only on Saint Andrew's vastly needed protection, but also on the rich promise of his prophecies. The details of the Saint's vision of a rehabilitated Poland form one of this book's happiest features.

There is careful workmanship here. The present life is from an older Italian document—adapted and augmented by particularly qualified collaborators. Doctor Donovan is a well-known teacher and lecturer on things Italian. Father Gallagher acted as diplomatic agent for the Vatican when he brought the complete body of the Saint from Russia to Rome in 1923. Working together with the most meager threads of information, confining themselves rigidly to facts or to wholly legitimate deductions, they have woven out scientifically a story, interesting, indeed, in the narrative of Saint Andrew's life, and altogether absorbing in the romance of his relics. Against the background of Polish secular and religious history they have thrown the most informative pictures of the startling Bobola family.

Trusting none but the most accurate guides, they gathered all that is known of Andrew's boyhood, school years, early life as a Jesuit and first ministry. The summary shows us an ardent, over-impulsive, generous apostle, gifted beyond the ordinary as a preacher, but yearning always for Sacramental contact with the poor.

The record of those early years is unsatisfying. But there is a compensation in the richly-detailed account of his maturer labors and the extraordinary courage of his death. He suffered, by Vatican standards, one of the most savage martyrdoms ever recorded in their archives, suffered with a patience and fortitude that amazed his torturers, was buried in sorrow near the High Altar of the Jesuit Church in Pinsk, and for half a century was forgotten.

At this point wonder enters. Saint Andrew began carrying his heaven to earth. He appeared and disclosed the whereabouts of his precious body—and the searchers discovered that God Almighty had preserved it from corruption. The miraculous preservation, made certain by a score of the severest tests, spurred a latent devotion into articulate invocation. The Saint responded with a series of favors, cures, solutions and promises that reached from end to end of the land.

Through pillage and fire and sacrilegious profanation, the precious body, scarred but intact, brought blessings to monasteries and churches wherever it was cared for, until it fell a victim to Bolshevik cupidity and spite, and was lodged in a Moscow museum. The strange Odyssey that brought it to Rome, under Father Gallagher's guidance, is told grippingly in the present volume, and the romance of its return to Poland after the honors of the Holy City is no less astonishing. May the blessed relic become the focus of universal prayer for European peace!

Fifty-one pages of appendices give solidity to this new

## S&WS&WS&WS&WS&WS&WS&WS&W SHEED AND WARD'S CORNER



EAT and tidy souls who remember everybody's present in early November need read no further. But anyone at all like us may like to have a last-minute reminder list of new books that almost anyone would like to get for Christmas. **YOU'D BETTER COME QUIETLY** by Leonard Feeney, S.J. (\$2.00) heads the list (though you are not likely to have forgotten it!); and **ORCHARD'S BAY** by Alfred Noyes (\$2.50), **HOUSE OF HOSPITALITY** by Dorothy Day (\$2.50) and **GOD IN AN IRISH KITCHEN** by Father Leo Ward (\$2.50) are all, in different ways, good Christmas reading.

If you forgot someone under ten, **THE NEW CAROL** by Joan Windham (\$1.25) with enchanting Hebbelynck pictures, or **SAINTS WHO SPOKE ENGLISH** by Joan Windham (\$1.75) will settle the matter very happily. For children of ten or more **GREY DAWN AND RED**, the life of Blessed Theophane Venard, by Marie Fischer (\$1.25), or Marigold Hunt's **A LIFE OF OUR LORD FOR CHILDREN** (\$1.25) will establish you in their good graces for the year.

### MERRY CHRISTMAS!

### SHEED & WARD

63 FIFTH AVENUE (at 13th Street) NEW YORK

S&WS&WS&WS&WS&WS&WS&WS&W

**needs** to fly medical aid and to save souls.  
**A GALLON** Your help will be appreciated, and a  
**OF GAS** copy of "Wings for the Tabernacle" will be sent to you without charge.

Reverend Paul Schulte, "The Flying Priest," P.O. Box 4437  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

### Georgetown Visitation Convent WASHINGTON, D. C.

Fully Accredited

Junior College and High School  
for Girls with National Patronage

--- 140TH YEAR ---

ADDRESS HEAD MISTRESS

College Preparatory and  
General Courses, Junior  
College, Secretarial and  
Medical Secretary  
Courses, Boarding and  
Day, Sports, Advantage  
of Country Life in the  
National Capital.

### Academy of St. Joseph

IN-THE-PINES

BRENTWOOD, LONG ISLAND  
NEW YORK

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL  
FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG LADIES

Address: MOTHER SUPERIOR

Elementary and High  
School Departments  
(Preparatory Collegiate)  
Affiliated with the  
State University

Complete Courses in  
Art, Vocal and Instru-  
mental Music. Exten-  
sive Grounds. Large  
Campus. . . Athletics,  
Horseback Riding.

### LOYOLA SCHOOL

Park Avenue at 83rd Street  
New York City

Select Day School for Boys  
UNDER JESUIT DIRECTION  
For Information Apply to the Headmaster

Five Upper Years of  
Grammar School  
Four Years of High  
School

Approved by the Regents  
of the University of the  
State of New York and by  
the Association of Colleges  
and Secondary Schools of  
the Middle States and  
Maryland.

## CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM IRELAND

BELLEEK CHINA—IRISH POPLIN TIES  
KAPP & PETERSON PIPES  
HANDKERCHIEFS—TABLE LINENS  
BOOKS ON IRELAND AND ALL BOOKS  
BY IRISH AUTHORS  
CHRISTMAS CARDS AND CALENDARS

### IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, INC.

780 Lexington Avenue (Near 60th Street), New York City  
Catalog "A" on request.



### Prints Over 500 Postals for 4¢

Best for church or club. Simple, easy to use. Your money back if not entirely satisfactory. Postal Card Size, \$3; Letter Size, \$4.50; Combination Set \$6. Ask about our rental service to church or club.

Economy Duplicator Co., West Englewood, N. J.

### An Ideal Christmas Gift

## The Missal---\$2 Postpaid

Pray the Mass! Use The Missal for Sundays and the principal feasts of the year. Contains prayers for Mass, Confession, Communion, Rosary, Way of the Cross, Vespers, St. Teresa, etc. 440 pages with attractive and durable black genuine leather cover; 6 1/4 by 3 1/2 inches in size and only 1/2 inch thick; pages of fine paper with gold edges; 3 place markers. A practical, useful, beautiful, devotional book. Sent postpaid for \$2.00.

### WILDERMANN COMPANY

33 Barclay Street

New York, N. Y.

## MOUNT SAINT MARY COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

**COURSES**..... Liberal Arts  
Mathematics and Sciences  
Home Economics  
Secretarial Studies

**DEGREES**..... Bachelor of Arts  
Bachelor of Science  
Bachelor of Science in Education  
Bachelor of Science in Home Economics  
Bachelor of Science in Secretarial Studies  
Bachelor of Science in Social Work

**INCORPORATED**... under the laws of the State of New Hampshire. Empowered in full to grant degrees

**AFFILIATED**..... with the Catholic University of America

Resident and Non-resident Students

Address the REGISTRAR, MOUNT SAINT MARY COLLEGE

Hooksett, New Hampshire

## THE UNIVERSE

FOUNDED IN 1886

### BRITAIN'S PREMIER CATHOLIC PAPER

KEEP informed concerning Catholic activities in Europe.

READ articles by the most distinguished Catholic Writers in Europe.

A thorough wide-awake Catholic paper — bright features from start to finish.

\$3.25 per year (\$2 issues by mail). Send Check to:

THE MANAGER, "THE UNIVERSE"

184 STRAND, LONDON, W. C. 2, ENGLAND

study of the Saint's life. The whole history of the cause leading to his beatification and canonization is presented in documents, court letters, official statements and papal briefs. Qualified witnesses testify to the miraculous nature of the relics after the most intimate physico-medical examination that could be made. The decree of canonization closes this thoroughly satisfying, splendidly-illustrated volume on the strange new patron Saint who refuses to be forgotten.

RAYMOND J. MCINNIS

## STORY OF MAN'S WILL TO PERPETUATE CULTURE

THE MEDIEVAL LIBRARY. By James Westfall Thompson. University of Chicago Press. \$5

EVEN first rank scholars, when they write of the Middle Ages, are prone to drop into a common pitfall—an unawareness of the sole stabilizing force of that epoch: that is, the Catholic Church, about which the entire structure of Christendom was builded, and which is really what we are thinking of when we speak, somewhat vaguely, of the Middle Ages.

Now Professor Thompson does understand the meaning of this center and core of medieval Christendom, and that is why his monumental work carries the mark of authenticity. Of course, there are times and places when he takes a turn away from the focal point. But even the Jewish and Moslem libraries cannot be thought of entirely apart from the Church during this epoch.

The subject is vast, and herein it is divided into four parts: the early Middle Ages; the high Middle Ages; the close of the Middle Ages and the Italian Renaissance; the making and care of books in the Middle Ages. For some considerable part of the text, the reader's attention is directed more or less to lists of books in known libraries—what they were, who gave them and to whom, what happened to them. That, obviously, is a line of research with a special appeal to professional librarians.

But as you follow up these researches into what are fondly called the Dark Ages, which somehow is meant to imply that intellectual Christendom had gone in for an intellectual blackout, the fact emerges in this work that classical learning was by no means in cold storage. With the "Nazireds" of that time rampaging up and down Christendom, it is not surprising that learning should have made for the nearest air-raid shelter. What really is surprising are the proofs Dr. Thompson brings forward, showing conclusively that in the reserve lines churchmen kept alive—faintly perhaps—but kept alive the traditions of culture that were to glow mostly through the monasteries and the cathedral libraries.

Altogether, although this is a scholar's book, with possibly its chief appeal to bookish persons, it has been conceived and produced with an enticing cunningness. It is the sort of book that is as compelling as any thriller. And the reason probably is that there runs throughout the entire work a consistent story: the story of the will of man to perpetuate culture and learning at whatever cost and labor, and Catholics may well take pride in this intellectual ancestry.

HENRY WATTS

## COMEDY AND TRAGEDY OF A READY-MADE FAMILY

AXEL. By Freda Lingstrom. Little, Brown and Co. \$2.50

WHATEVER else may be said of Freda Lingstrom's novel, no one may say that it lacks charm, a quality which comes not only from her fine rhythmic lines and smoothly-flowing paragraphs, but also from her deep sympathy for the characters she has drawn. This ability



to portray character is not the least of Miss Lingstrom's gifts.

Axel Wreford, who quietly towers above the other persons of this story, and about whom the story revolves, after a life of world-wandering, finally comes to anchor in London. At forty-five he is alone and lonely. Hence, he starts out to provide himself with a ready-made family. For this purpose he visits an orphanage, where he selects a beautiful self-willed daughter, named Auriol, and a forward youngster, to whom, for sentimental reasons, he gives the name Valentine. To these he adds Knud, a young Norwegian, and he installs his ill-sorted brood in an English country home. With their entrance into his life come comedy and tragedy.

Axel is a wealthy man, an indulgent father, and his children are spoiled. In their growth from childhood to young manhood and womanhood we see none of that pruning and curbing which is the lot of parents. Auriol grows into a beautiful young woman with a will as obstinate as iron; Valentine is a climber and a snob. The dreams with which Axel had fed his longing for love crackled and went up into smoke. Tragedy comes to him through the imprudence of Valentine; Auriol brings him sorrow by her flight to Austria and a musical career. Knud, on whom he had counted as the most solid of the three, leaves for a life in Norway. To Kari, a governess-housekeeper, Axel turns for comfort, and in the marriage of these two Miss Lingstrom gives her story a happy ending.

At no moment does this story cease to engage one's interest. It is human from beginning to end. With the characters of Teddy Fernald and Gunther Wolf, Miss Lingstrom might have dispensed with profit to her tale. They are the one weakness in an otherwise splendid story.

JOSEPH R. N. MAXWELL

## BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

SHAKESPEARE. By Mark Van Doren. Henry Holt and Co. \$3

THE wrapper announces: "There is nothing timely about this book; its subject is Shakespeare and his world, and they have survived three and a half centuries." But lack of timeliness does not matter. Master Shakespeare, as Ben Jonson has long since noted, is for all time, and his dramas, though so very old, are always astonishingly new. Professor Van Doren has garnered thought from the recent and the old literature on Shakespeare, and taken from the wit and penetration of his student classes at Columbia, then added the ingredient of his own ingenious interpretation, and given us a book of thirty-five chapters, a chapter to the poems, and then a chapter apiece to each of the plays.

No chapter is too long nor too erudite, but no chapter is without its meed of happy phrase and pertinent observation. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* shines like *Romeo and Juliet* in darkness, but shines merrily. *Richard* is a brilliant villain. *Romeo and Juliet* is furiously literary. *The Merchant of Venice* is filled with golden, glancing talk into which Shylock's voice comes rasping like a file. For unlike the other speakers, Shylock's sentences are short, niggardly, ugly and curt, and range in sound from the strident to the rough and from the scratching to the growled. *Hamlet* shows the man he is by being many men, an accomplished actor, as occasion demands, playing a diversity of rôles to the court at large.

There are fleeting, brief comparisons of the plays, too, that open new vistas. The blood that smears *Macbeth* is so physical that we almost smell it and feel it as we sit spectators at the murder; but the blood is so noble and so costly in *Julius Caesar* that it stays distant from our five senses as nothing more than a revolutionary metaphor.

# PEACE ESSAY CONTEST

## With Prizes Totaling \$200.00

For pupils in any Catholic High  
School or Academy in Con-  
tinental United States

For the best essay not exceeding  
five hundred words on the  
following subject:

Why I do not believe in war  
and would not willingly par-  
ticipate in any war except in  
defense of the soil of my  
beloved United States of  
America.

FIRST PRIZE - - - - -	\$100.00
SECOND PRIZE - - - - -	50.00
THIRD PRIZE - - - - -	25.00
FOURTH PRIZE - - - - -	15.00
FIFTH PRIZE - - - - -	10.00

\$50.00 will also be awarded to the school  
attended by the winner of the first prize

This contest will close midnight January 13, 1940 and all letters postmarked not later than that day will be eligible. All essays must be written or typed on one side of the paper only and in the final selection neatness will be taken into consideration. The contestant's name, home address, name and address of school, and class, must be written at the top of the essay. The Judges' decision will be final and all essays entered in this contest become the property of the Peace House. No essays will be returned.

MRS. J. SERGEANT CRAM

## PEACE HOUSE

110th Street and Fifth Avenue  
New York City

*Peace House is an independent organization—  
does not solicit funds—only asks your  
co-operation for world peace*

## FORDHAM UNIVERSITY

FORDHAM ROAD  
ADJOINING BRONX PARK  
NEW YORK CITY

FOUNDED IN 1841

Conducted by the Jesuits

Fordham College	- - - -	Fordham Road
School of Law	- - - -	Woolworth Building
College of Pharmacy	- - - -	Fordham Road
Downtown College	- - - -	Woolworth Building
School of Social Service	- - - -	Woolworth Building
Graduate School	- - - -	Fordham Road and Woolworth Building
School of Education	- - - -	Woolworth Building and Fordham Road
School of Business	- - - -	Woolworth Building
Summer School	- - - -	Fordham Road
Fordham Preparatory School	- - - -	Fordham Road

Additional Facilities for Resident Students

WRITE FOR BULLETIN

SPECIFY DEPARTMENT

## CANTERBURY SCHOOL

A Leading New England Preparatory School  
Conducted by Catholic Laymen

The Most Reverend Bishop of Hartford, Patron—  
Six Years' Course. College Board Examinations.  
Complete Modern Equipment. Twenty-fifth year.  
Eighty miles from New York.

Address: Nelson Hume, Ph.D., Headmaster

NEW MILFORD - CONNECTICUT

## College of New Rochelle

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

Conducted by the Ursuline Nuns

Offering A.B. and B.S. degrees

Accredited by the Association of American Universities

WESTCHESTER COUNTY

Sixteen miles from Grand Central Station, New York

## COLLEGE OF CHESTNUT HILL

Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph

Offers exceptional advantages under a faculty of recognized scholarship. Students prepared for graduate, medical, and law schools, for high school teaching, and secretarial service. Unusual opportunities in Music, Home Economics, and Speech. Gymnasium, swimming pool, and extensive fields for out-door sports.

## SIENA HEIGHTS COLLEGE

A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

(formerly St. Joseph College)

ADRIAN, MICHIGAN

Conducted by Sisters of St. Dominic

Bachelor Degrees in Arts, Science, Philosophy, Music, Commercial Education; State Teachers' Certificates, Secretarial Diplomas, Home Economics, Dramatics, Pre-Legal and Pre-Medical Courses, Exceptional opportunities in Art.

Beautiful Buildings Interesting Campus Life  
For Further Information Address the Dean

ON ADJACENT CAMPUS

St. Joseph Academy offers exceptional advantages for girls in high school and the grades.

Especially for teachers of Shakespeare, who have a limited leisure at their disposal, the book will open up pleasant by-paths of easy, literary adventure and present unexpected horizons for interested pupils.

ALEXANDER J. CODY

THE POVERELLO'S ROUND TABLE. By Sister M. Aquina Barth, O.S.F. Mission Press, S.V.D. \$2.50

MALLORY'S knights with their gleaming armor and dashing ways may have more color and romance than the sack-clad friars of Saint Francis, but for deeds of valor and heroic courage they must yield to the men of Assisi. In *The Poverello's Round Table* the knights of Saint Francis have been gathered, a brilliant, inspiring array of saints and saintly of all three Franciscan orders.

The author has arranged the lives according to the calendar, one for each day of the year. Each life is brief—not even Saint Francis is given more than two pages—and is followed by an appropriate consideration. Replete with practical wisdom and sound asceticism, these considerations should prove a source for meditation, fresh no less than rich. Not the least of the book's qualities is the selection of a prayer from the liturgy as a conclusion for each sketch. A comprehensive index of names and subjects more than doubles the value of the book, especially for preachers.

*The Poverello's Round Table* should have a wide appeal among serious-minded Catholics. As a solid book it will appeal only to the solid. But as a book that reflects the virtues and ideals of all classes, both lay and religious, its circulation should not be restricted to the shelves of a convent library.

EMMET J. NORTON

YOU AND HEREDITY. By Amram Scheinfeld. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$3

THIS is such an interesting book that it is a pity to have it handicapped by some of those whose names appear on the jacket to sponsor its worth. It is "written from the outside looking in," from the viewpoint and in the unscientific language of a layman, who peered into the laboratories of students of human heredity, and here tries to report in simple, understandable English all he has seen and heard.

It is a very difficult task to disengage the facts which have been proved from the varied conclusions which have been drawn from them, and to interpret for those who have not had any technical training the terminology which is rooted in a scientific vocabulary. The author succeeds in this very well, and has produced a book which should prove fascinating even to the casual reader. If in several cases he hedges, and begins by promising and ends by apologizing, it is only because of the nature of the subject.

Heredity is a comparatively new study of how and where and when our bodily characteristics began to exist, and so when the goal of research is apparently near, the student is chagrined to find it was only a tree around which the road continues indefinitely. Credit is given to Mendel as being the father of this important branch of science, but in addition to the unwarranted assertion that the Abbot "waddled in his garden," he is made to share his discovery with those he never could have heard of. With the exception of the undue prominence which is given to musical talent, the subject is treated in a manner which grows increasingly absorbing.

FRANCIS J. DORE

IN PLACE OF SPLENDOR. By Constancia de la Mora. Harcourt Brace and Co. \$3

BEFORE the capture of Barcelona: "Men! Soldiers of Spain!" Dr. Negrin said in the darkness to the men who milled before him filled with fear. "Because your officers have deserted you, you must not be cowards." Having thus nobly encouraged the men to return to Barcelona and death, Dr. Negrin got back in his car and continued his flight.

Before the fall of Madrid: "Dr. Negrin rose. 'Never! I and my government will not leave our people to the



mercy of Franco.'" A few minutes later: "Dr. Negrin rose. 'If there is no other way out,' he said with dignity, 'I feel that we should adjourn and meet again in a foreign country to carry on our fight which we will never give up for a free and democratic Spain.'" After which noble speech Negrin made tracks for the airport.

Of such stuff the heroes of this book. Surely, the author would not have wished a Catholic reviewer to close her book with a definite feeling of pity. Yet the book is too flat for irritation, too obviously false for condemnation. A book for innocents abroad who have ceased to be innocents. It was intended to have all the fire and charm of a resurrection, but it is a resurrection without life with an aroma over-redolent of the morgue.

No amount of fiery writing can evoke a spark of respect for those heroes who were always the first to run in the face of danger, and who in running left to Franco's forces complete lists of all the poor dupes who had fought for them during the war. Though interest in the preservation of their own skin is understandable (even in heroes), they might at least have given thought enough to their poor duped followers to destroy the files before they fled, especially if they actually believed all their own mouthings about the "horrible reprisals" that Franco was supposed to inaugurate.

The real "innocents abroad," some of our correspondents in Spain during the war, have gone lyrical about the book, most probably because in one gushy chapter the author credits them with a monopoly of reportorial skill, intelligence, charm, sincerity, and all those virtues that only those who espouse the Communist cause can possess.

JOHN P. DELANEY

THE GREAT TRADITION. By Frances Parkinson Keyes. Julian Messner, Inc. \$2.50

THE hero of Mrs. Keyes' modern historical novel, Hans Christian von Hohenlohe, is the son of an American mother and a German father. Left free to choose the tradition according to which he would shape his destinies, the young man leaves his widowed mother to establish himself in the lordly home of his German forebears. Here he meets with one disappointment after another. The old order of things is passing; the new one is in the process of ferment. Disregarding the wishes of his Junker grandmother, Hans throws himself into the activities of the Youth Movement which is gaining strength in Germany.

As a member of this organization he is wounded and goes to Spain to recuperate. Here he meets and falls in love with Cristina Cerrenos, daughter of a noble monarchist. Cristina gives up all thought of religious life and journeys to Germany as the wife of Hans and the mistress of his ancestral acres. With the mysterious disappearance of her husband she returns to Spain to bear his son, and ultimately to meet with death at the hands of the Communist revolutionists. She dies in the arms of her disillusioned husband who has turned his back on exotic ideologies as he sails again to American shores.

The period of which Mrs. Keyes has written teems with interest and drama. If the historical element of her story is sketchy, it is none the less stirring. Rapid in its movement, gripping in its detail, *The Great Tradition* sums up without comment the growth of Nazism and the revolt in Spain.

One meets with many interesting characters in this volume, men and women from different lands, all of them typifying the traits of their countries, the shade of their politics, the follies of divers propaganda. Though Hans Christian is drawn as a hero of large proportions, he had his moments of weakness. It is unfortunate that Mrs. Keyes has permitted such lapses to mar an otherwise splendid story.

JOSEPH R. N. MAXWELL

THE PUBLIC LIFE OF CHRIST. By Thomas A. Becker, S.J. Apostleship of Prayer.

THE book contains some thirty essays, done in an exquisite English style and with a penetration and keen insight into the significant features of the events of Our

UNIVERSALLY APPROVED

**Blessed Be God** *The Complete Prayer Book*

INSPIRING - NEW - BEAUTIFUL

Call and examine, or write for specimen pages  
For sale at all Catholic Book Stores

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, 12 Barclay St., New York, N. Y.

**BLACK STARR & FROST  
GORHAM**

FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

Communion Vessels

Personal Gifts

Altar Appointments

**Mt. St. Mary-on-the-Hudson, Newburgh, N. Y.**  
● offers your daughter:

1. Training for character and health in an atmosphere, healthful, distinctive, Catholic.
2. Intellectual standard accredited by the University of the State of New York, and Association of the Middle States and Maryland.
3. Modern fire-proof buildings.
4. Sixty-eight acre campus overlooking the Hudson.
5. Athletic field and new gymnasium.

Illustrated booklet upon request. Sisters of St. Dominic

**URSULINE COLLEGE** NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

AFFILIATED TO THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA  
The College where Faith, Devotion and Catholic Action Dominate High Scholarship, joined with Fine Social Life. Courses Leading to Degrees in Arts, Sciences and Philosophy. Teachers' Certificates. Commercial and Secretarial Training.  
For Further Information Address Office of the Dean, 2635 State St., New Orleans, La.

**ACADEMY OF ST. ELIZABETH**  
CONVENT STATION, NEW JERSEY

College Preparatory and Sub-Preparatory Courses

Affiliated with College of St. Elizabeth. Distinct faculty and buildings. Registered by the University of State of New York; Approved by the New Jersey Department of Public Inst. Lackawanna R.R., 26 miles from New York.  
No Summer Boarders For rates, apply THE DIRECTRESS

**LEONARD HALL**

A Catholic Elementary Country Boarding School  
FOR BOYS

Small Classes — Individual Instruction  
Forty Acre Campus—All Sports—Horses  
Tuition \$400.00

XAVIERIAN BROTHERS  
LEONARDTOWN, MARYLAND  
Also CAMP CALVERT — A Summer Paradise for Boys on Breton Bay, one mile from the school. Address Brother Regatus, C.F.X., A.M., Director, Box A, LEONARDTOWN, MARYLAND

If you think any article in this issue of **AMERICA** will be of interest to any friend or acquaintance, send us a postcard to that effect and we shall be pleased to send a marked copy to the address you give.

State your friend's address and your own and mention the title of the article. Write to:  
Business manager **AMERICA**, 53 Park Place, New York, N. Y.

**EYE EXAMINATIONS**



**JOHN J. HOGAN, INC.**

6 East 34th Street, New York  
Opposite B. Altman's 34th St. Entrance  
Telephone: CA 5-6774

● **EXPERT**  
registered optometrists  
having years of experience are at your service, to give you examinations and advice.

● **GLASSES**  
at reasonable prices.  
Dr. L. Morkling & Staff  
Optometrists

Incorporated in 1897  
**TRINITY COLLEGE** WASHINGTON, D. C.  
*An Institution for the Higher Education of Women*  
 Conducted by The Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur  
 For Particulars Address The Secretary of the College

## College of St. Elizabeth

A Catholic College for Women, on the approved list of the Association of American Universities. Campus of 400 acres. Modern residence halls. Regular arts courses, pre-medical, secretarial, teacher-training, music, home economics, science. Degree—B.A. and B.S. in Home Economics.  
 For catalogue, address the Dean, Convent Station, New Jersey.

## COLLEGE OF SAINT TERESA

Winona, Minnesota

*For the Higher Education of Catholic Women*

Holds membership in the North Central Association of Colleges. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Registered for Teacher's License by New York Board of Regents. Degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Science in Nursing.

Picturesquely located on the upper Mississippi. One hundred acre campus. Served by the "Zephyr," "Hiawatha," "The 400."

ONLY FIVE HOURS' RIDE FROM CHICAGO

## COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles Street, Baltimore, Maryland

An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Exceptional Advantages.

FOR INFORMATION ADDRESS THE REGISTRAR

## COLLEGE MISERICORDIA, DALLAS, PENNSYLVANIA

10 miles from Wilkes-Barre. Catholic \*Accredited.  
 Residential and Day.

Degrees in Liberal Arts, Science, Music, from London, England  
 Pre-law; pre-medical.

100-acre country campus, metropolitan advantages.  
 Self-education stressed.

"DISTINCTIVE"

ADDRESS REGISTRAR

## MARYMOUNT COLLEGE

TARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON  
 NEW YORK

Conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary. Accredited. Resident and non-resident. Confers B.A., B.S. Degrees. Special two-year course. Music, Art, Pedagogy, Journalism, Household Arts, Dramatics, Secretarial, Pre-Medical, Athletics. Extensions: 1027 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City. Paris, France; Rome, Italy; Address Secretary, MARYMOUNT PREPARATORY SCHOOLS: Wilson Park, Tarrytown, New York  
 Cor. Fifth Ave. and 84th Street, New York City Address Reverend Mother

## ALBERTUS MAGNUS

COLLEGE FOR  
 WOMEN

Conducted by Dominican Sisters  
 Proximity to Yale University

offers exceptional educational advantages.

NEW HAVEN

CONNECTICUT

## MARYGROVE

A Catholic College that  
 prepares young women  
 for Catholic Life and Catholic Leadership in the world  
 as it is today.

ADDRESS REGISTRAR, MARYGROVE COLLEGE, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

## NOTRE DAME COLLEGE

GRYMES HILL  
 STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

A COUNTRY DAY COLLEGE FOR YOUNG WOMEN

Chartered by the Regents of the University of the State of N. Y.  
 Ideally and conveniently located.

15 minutes from New York and New Jersey Ferries and Bridges

## ROSEMONT COLLEGE, ROSEMONT, PENNA.

● Catholic College for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by Religious of the Holy Child Jesus. Incorporated under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania with power to confer Degrees in Arts and Science. Resident and non-resident students. 11 miles from Philadelphia, Main Line, P. R. R.

Fully Accredited—Junior Year Abroad—Telephone: Bryn Mawr 14  
 ADDRESS: THE REGISTRAR

## ACADEMY OUR LADY OF MERCY

Syosset [Long Island],  
 New York

Boarding and Day School for Girls  
 Affiliated with the State University  
 ELEMENTARY HIGH SCHOOL  
 and COMMERCIAL DEPTS.  
 Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy

Lord's life. The book is not exegetical, though its exegetical soundness is not to be questioned. It is done with the purpose of arousing in the heart of the reader a deeper devotion to Christ and of stimulating the will to a more faithful imitation of the virtues of Christ and Mary. The reader who reads prayerfully will not fail to be moved to strive for the perfection which is portrayed so alluringly before his eyes. W. J. MCGARRY

QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN. By Francis Hackett. Double-day, Doran and Co. \$2.75

WITH much labor throughout 477 pages, Francis Hackett has worked to recreate in fiction the character and passions of Anne Boleyn. To his credit be it said that he makes her better and more beautiful than she seems to have been. This is a book for mature readers.

There are inconsistencies in the heroine as delineated. How can she be free from guile, hardness and scheming and yet be so untroubled about adulteries, the overthrow of the Church and the death of Wolsey? But she is cleverly and wonderfully drawn. Wolsey too, as drawn, is inconsistent. The position of the Church is not made clear in regard to divorce, and especially this particular divorce named in the book. The spiritual nature and position of the Church, the Pope, Fisher, More are not given to us in their full light.

The style of the book is far too slow and heavy. One feels that the book should have been cut exactly in halves with a full view to clarity, art and entertainment. No one could deny that the author has sufficient gift to do this very thing. But dwelling on ideas and attitudes with uneven emphasis, discarding simple dialog for what is psychoanalytic and suggestive and muddled, shifting, without warning, the scene of the action from place to place and situation to situation, leaves the mind in a maze. The progress and flow of the story are shunted into a thousand little nooks and bays until it becomes possible to read only a few pages at a time. And there is an impression of waste throughout. Some expert rearranging of material and some small expurgation, and this would have been a worthwhile book.

THOMAS B. FEENEY

THE DUTCH COUNTRY. By Cornelius Weygandt. D. Appleton-Century Co. \$4

NO better guide than Dr. Weygandt of the University of Pennsylvania could be found to the people and the land of the Dutch country in his own State of Pennsylvania. Born in Germantown, he worked first on a Philadelphia newspaper, and then taught English literature in the University. He knows his own State as few others know it, and his observations are enriched by the wealth of knowledge and appreciation he has gathered through the rich years of his life.

Dr. Weygandt writes easily, gracefully, intimately, and each of the forty-eight essays that make up this book has something of beauty to give. He is interested in all the folk art of his people, and writes of it with discrimination and accuracy, but to many readers the great charm of the book will lie in his descriptions of the fields and homes, the hills and valleys that lie so near and are often seen with such dull eyes and cold hearts and, perhaps still more, in the warm human sympathy that makes us feel that the words in which he described his old friend, Hattie Brunner, could be said with equal truth of himself.

The Dutch people in the State were described by "a lady from Maryland" as "hard working, saving, stay-at-home, clumsy, plain and mean," and in the little sketch "Six Adjectives to Dutch" the author answers the charge. Every essay shows a deep knowledge and a love for birds and trees, for the frost-feathers of the winter, for dimming landscapes, for the lights in the windows of homes, for all the little things of life which are, as he tells us, the big things.

No one who visits the Red Hills should go alone, since, in the company of this wise and genial writer, he will find a world of undreamed beauty and delight.

MOTHER MARY LAWRENCE



## FILMS

**FOUR WIVES.** Sequels have an unfortunate tendency toward standardization, and this domestic drama shows signs of strain in its attempts to recapture the mood and spirit of the genuinely moving *Four Daughters*. Thus Michael Curtiz' interest in homely humor and family sidelights now appears stock and imitative. The characters are, for the most part, the same in conception and execution, but there is not enough actual development in their lives to fill out a continuously engrossing narrative. The central theme concerns the widow of the group who bears a child after her husband's death. Her remarriage to a former suitor is overshadowed by the memory of her first tragic love, but an emergency operation on the child results in harmony all around. The other daughters play lesser parts in this action, filling in a background which is absorbed with the prospect of motherhood. As a matter of fact, there is too much clinical discussion on that score to make the film suitable for general audiences. Claude Rains, the Lane Sisters, Jeffrey Lynn, May Robson, Frank McHugh and Eddie Albert are effective in well-established rôles and add warmth to an entertaining *adult film* which suffers from occasional solemnity. (Warner)

**THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT.** The greatness of the composer is well represented in this excellently produced musical, even if Victor Herbert himself is merely a vague personality. It is not biographical, of course, and its excuse appears to be its rendition of many of Herbert's favorite melodies. Director Andrew Stone has managed very well in keeping the story from interfering too much with the music. The plot is sentimental and bookish, anyway, involving a self-centered tenor who discovers an unknown singer, gets her an opportunity to star in a musical, and marries her in order to keep her from eclipsing him. Her success becomes intolerable to him and the family fortunes suffer as he carries on alone with waning popularity. Things are set straight only when his young daughter's career defeats his selfishness. Walter Connolly is engagingly sympathetic as the fatherly composer who tries to smooth the domestic ills, and Alan Jones and Mary Martin do justice to the music. Young Susanna Foster lends a splendid voice to the generally tuneful proceedings. This is a *musical treat for all*. (Paramount)

**HENRY GOES ARIZONA.** This is a quiet comedy which somehow got mixed up with a fairly strenuous tale of the open spaces. A vaudeville oldster is left a ranch, complete with mortgage and a treacherous foreman, by his murdered brother. His determination to hold the property against the snares of the town banker and assorted enemies is inspired by a little girl who apparently goes with the ranch, and after an attempt to kidnap her, the villains are exposed and the mortgage is lifted. Frank Morgan and Virginia Weidler get credit for the appeal of the film and invest it with enough pathos and humorous adventure to beguile *average audiences*. (MGM)

**NICK CARTER, MASTER DETECTIVE.** This is not the throwback to the dime novel that the title suggests but an up-to-date detective melodrama with more than average polish. Jacques Tourneur's direction is lively and leans toward plenty of obvious excitement, while the characterizations are superior for this type of film. Walter Pidgeon plays the title rôle with more suavity than the original could claim as he halts the theft of airplane secrets by those annoying foreign agents. Rita Johnson, Henry Hull and Donald Meek keep the production a notch *above the average*. (MGM)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

## College of Mount St. Vincent ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK, N. Y.

*Resident and Day Students*

COURSES IN ARTS AND SCIENCES  
TEACHER AND SECRETARIAL TRAINING  
DEGREES A.B. AND B.S.  
EXTENSIVE CAMPUS BORDERING ON HUDSON RIVER

ACADEMY MOUNT ST. VINCENT  
SENIOR, JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL AND  
ELEMENTARY DEPARTMENT

WRITE FOR PROSPECTUS

## HOLY CROSS COLLEGE

*Entrance by Certificate or by Examination*

A.B. and B.S. COURSES

- A CONSERVATIVE college which retains the best of the classical traditions.
- A PROGRESSIVE college which meets the highest modern educational requirements.
- A COMPLETE college which glories in molding character in her students.
- A FEARLESS college which teaches the fundamental truth pertaining to eternal as well as temporal life.

*Bulletins of information on admission will be mailed upon application to the Dean of Freshmen, Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.*

## Could You Explain Catholic Practices?

The title of this book asks a question—and the content answers the many questions that arise in regard to Catholic practices, symbols, and customs. The book is made to order for study clubs, convert classes, and classrooms. Devout Catholics will find the answers to questions they often want answered for their own satisfaction. This book is not controversial; it will offend no one. It is leatherette-bound, readable type, 192 pages, and sells for only 25 cents a copy—or \$2.50 a dozen. Ask your dealer, or order direct from the publisher.

By REV. CHARLES J. MULLALY, S.J.  
Editor "The Messenger of the Sacred Heart"

APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER

515 East Fordham Road

New York, N. Y.

## EVENTS

**NOTICES** (Advertising rate for NOTICES is 6 cents per word, including name and address. Payment to be made when sending NOTICE, which must be in accord with policies of AMERICA. NOTICES must be received at AMERICA, 53 Park Place, New York, eleven days before date of publication.)

**VOICE TRAINING** for Singers and Speakers. Endorsed by Clergy and Laity. Special rate for Speakers Course of ten lessons. *Directress of Music, Notre Dame College, Staten Island.* Mrs. Daniel Sullivan, 132 West 74th Street, New York, N. Y. Telephone: TRafalgar 7-1291. Booklet on request.

**ACCOMMODATIONS** offered to retired priest or laymen in pleasant private home with facilities for medical and nursing care located in thriving Eastern Iowa town. References exchanged. Correspondence invited. Address: Priest, AMERICA, 53 Park Place, New York, N. Y.

**CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA.** Bought, sold, exchanged; all editions, also odd volumes. *Columbian Library Service, 1457 West Cornelia Avenue, Chicago, Ill.*

**LAW.** Catholic young man, college graduate, excellent grammarian, desires position as comparison clerk (correcting legal manuscripts) with New York law firm. Address: Law, AMERICA, 53 Park Place, New York City.

**LOUNGE—Young People.** Used lounge furniture and things that you no longer want? To furnish lounge and play room. Supervised recreation by priest or religious. For information regarding conveyance address: *Friend of Young Catholics, AMERICA, 53 Park Place, New York, N. Y.*

**MASSES.** Three beautiful Liturgical Masses for your choir. Approved by Archbishop Howard of Portland, Oregon, and others. "The Little Flower Mass." "St. Elizabeth Mass." "St. Jude Mass." Four voices with organ, 80¢ each. Dep. A., The Kaufer Co., Seattle, Wash.

## THERE'S STILL TIME!

You can send direct from  
our office a gift copy of

## PAUL AND THE CRUCIFIED

By Wm. J. McGarry, S.J.

Just off the press—Dec. 15th

In attractive Christmas package.  
An artistic Christmas Gift Card  
bearing your name at no extra cost!

Postage prepaid - - \$3.00

THE AMERICA PRESS

53 PARK PLACE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

FROM the Far West, a lady subscriber, a convert to the Faith, writes the following letter: . . .

"To the Parader:

AMERICA advocates Christmas cards with a religious sentiment. Fine! But let me explain.

The head of the house and his fellow-workers buy a box or more of cards every year from the honest-but-poor widow of a deceased co-worker. Now, our finances are very limited; we cannot afford to throw the cards away, but neither could we refuse to help "good old George's game wife." Usually, though, I could always locate two or even three "camels" or "Rheims" cards in each box to send to the "conscious" Catholics while the rest of the box was fine for the "unconscious" Christians who love scotties or dachshunds on everything anyway. But this year, honestly, there isn't one card in either box with so much as "Peace and good will" on it. There isn't even a card suitable to send to my own Protestant family and friends. As to the ones we know who read AMERICA (with its harping on Christmas cards) I haven't one among sixty cards I'd dare send.

After looking over my assortment of "Cheerios," "Scotties," etc., I leave it up to you or Mary McLaughlin to solve my problem." . . .

The writer of the letter forwarded two samples of the alleged Christmas cards. One disclosed a snow-man under the greeting: "Cheerio!" The other unveiled two scotties, over the heads of which the lady drew two halos with a question mark on top of each halo. . . .

Now let us ponder another aspect of this problem. . . . Why is it we never receive any letters like the following: "Dear Sir: I am a traveling salesman, and recently while on tour I wanted to send a card of birthday greetings on the occasion of my young son's anniversary. In a number of stores in a large city I could not find one card which had any connection with a boy's birthday. Dealers told me the custom now in the matter of birthday cards for boys is to send cards that do not say anything about the birthday, and that have illustrations referring to something else beside birthdays. Later in another city I discovered the same situation with regard to cards for young girls."

The reason no such letters are ever received is because birthday cards for the average boy or girl have not changed. . . . Just for one Little Boy has the birthday card changed. . . . Snowmen, dachshunds, scotties have driven this Boy, His Mother, His Foster-Father off the cards supposed to commemorate His natal day. . . . Why have all the other natal cards remained the same? Because nobody cares much whether the anniversaries of the average boy and girl are remembered or not. . . . Why is this Boy's birthday card the only one that has been completely altered during the last forty years? Because there are powerful forces in the United States who hate this Boy and want to drive the very thought of Him from the public mind. . . . They have made astonishing progress. . . . The vast majority of His birthday cards this year will not refer to His birthday at all. . . .

Some suspicious influences are at work in other fields as well. . . . Paramount in Hollywood has under way a movie to be called: "Queen of Queens," which is in reality the Broadway play: *Family Portrait*. This play wounds every Catholic instinct with regard to the Blessed Virgin Mary. . . . If this writer wanted to destroy genuine Christianity in the United States, he would follow methods similar to those being used by Christmas card manufacturers and would promote plays like *Family Portrait*.

THE PARADER